

From the Quarterly Review.

Sir Roger de Coverley, by the Spectator. With Notes and Illustrations, by W. HENRY WILLS. pp. 144. 1851.*

It was a good idea to collect and illustrate the famous papers on Sir Roger de Coverley, which are widely scattered through the volumes of "The Spectator." They are read with two-fold pleasure in their consecutive form; and the annotation, rendered desirable by the changes of time, has on the whole been creditably supplied by Mr. Wills. Horace Walpole considered that since Falstaff there was nothing in literature to rival Sir Roger. The likeness is in the artistic merit alone; for no two personages can be more dissimilar than the city rake and the provincial worthy. Each supplies, though in different measure, food for mirth; but the one is witty, and the other eccentric. Both are first-rate specimens of their authors, and, as a necessary consequence, Sir John surpasses Sir Roger, in about the same degree that Shakspeare was superior to Addison. But if there were more dazzling sallies at The Boar in East Cheap, there is no lack of matter for thought nor yet for merriment at Coverley Hall and The Club. Sir Roger is a portrait painted by a master rarely equalled for the fidelity of his drawing and the delicacy of his touch;—a portrait just sufficiently softened (it would be too much to say flattered) to perpetuate the impression which would have prevailed of the good knight when his foibles were buried with him, and his virtues looked as green as the grass upon his grave.

Except in his capacity of critic or politician, Addison is always a censor of morals and manners. He scarce puts pen to paper without the deliberate design to laugh the world out of their follies, or reason them out of their crimes. He has kept to his purpose in Sir Roger de Coverley. He felt that the owner of an estate inherited with it the obligation to consult the welfare of every dependent of the soil. To the ordinary virtues of a man were to be added the duties which spring from the privileges of the squire, and he wished Sir Roger to be

Knight of the shire, and represent them all.

But instead of delineating a smooth specimen of insipid perfection, his model is a thorough-bred country gentleman, whose head would have led him astray unless his heart had kept him right—a man imbued with the prejudices, the simplicity, and harmless vanities of a class who would even have applauded his ludicrous traits, which were serious opinions among themselves. Whether the sketch had any effect in improving the landlords of the day, is impossible to be known, but a sure and lasting result is, to have enriched our literature with a racy character, perfectly original and yet true to life in its minutest lineaments. Addison and his generation have been gathered to their fathers, but Sir Roger de Coverley lives.

* There are two impressions—one in 8vo, with engravings; the other smaller and unadorned, forming No. 4 of Messrs. Longmans' "Travellers' Library." A handsome American edition is published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

CCCXCIX. LIVING AGE. VOL. XXXIII. 25

The first draught of the character appears in the second number of the Spectator, which contains the description of The Club—a select body of companions designed to be the mouth-pieces of the several orders of society. No scheme can be more inviting to the fancy;—hitherto, however, it has always proved unmanageable in execution—and was merely glanced at occasionally in the subsequent conduct of the Spectator. This Essay, which is included among the contributions of Steele, was evidently concocted in conjunction with Addison, who wrote the opening number, in which the club is announced—Addison, who was a club in himself—the pillar that was to support the edifice, while his coadjutors were little more than the flutings on the column—Addison must, at the very least, have had a vote in electing the members. In addition to the probabilities of the case, No. II. bears many unmistakable marks of the corrections of his chaste and classic pen, and in none of the later papers, in which Sir Richard has meddled with Sir Roger, are the traits so natural.

At the suggestion of Swift they took advantage of a popular name, and derived the knight's descent from the inventor of the celebrated country-dance, who tripped in armor with a lighter, though probably less fantastic toe, than his great-grandson in silk and velvet. The modern Sir Roger is represented as tinged with many singularities, which proceed from a resolution to contradict the world where he thinks the world in the wrong. Steele attempted afterwards to improve on the idea, and ascribed these oddities to his unsuccessful courtship of an incurable coquette; but far from heightening the coloring, he blotted the canvas. None of Sir Roger's oddities have the faintest resemblance to those of a mind disordered by disappointment. They are similar in kind, and many of them identical with what we remember ourselves in the rural patriarchs of a past generation, who, being each the king of his neighborhood, and rarely mixing in general society, their peculiarities were permitted an unchecked growth, till they proudly imagined themselves the truest specimens of the British oak, and would have scorned to bend before the breath of fashion. Addison, in one of the Spectators, describes a gentleman who, regardless of customs, resolved to regulate every action by reason, and who became so rational in all he did, that he was declared a lunatic, and deprived of the management of his affairs. Sir Roger and his brethren had never dreamt of a philosophical system. They were what circumstances made them, and believed in their hearts that nothing better could be made.

The knight, on his next appearance, is under the conduct of Addison, who has gone to stay a month with him at Coverley Hall. The Spectator is a lion in the country, and the surrounding squires would fain hear him roar; but, in deference to his retiring and meditative disposition, Sir Roger only ventures to show him at a distance. Mr. Spectator observes them stealing a sight of him over the hedge, and hears the cautions of the knight to be careful that they are not seen. It is easy to divine the pride with which Sir Roger pointed to

the oracle of literature, and thought of himself as his intimate companion and exclusive possessor. Though the squires were only suffered to see Addison in the distance, it is evident that Addison had seen the squires very near.

After Sir Roger, the principal personage at the hall is its venerable chaplain. The knight, afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, had stipulated for a clergyman with little learning, but, if possible, with some slight knowledge of backgammon. The determination of Sir Roger to incur no risk of being knocked down with a weapon he was unable to wield, is admirably characteristic. Nothing can exceed his mildness and his condescension, but he would be the last to tolerate a brother near the throne. When he attends the assizes he whispers his congratulations in the ear of the judge on the fine weather that has accompanied his lordship in his circuit, that, by an appearance of familiarity, he may keep up his credit with the county; and with the same patriotic design he, in the middle of a trial, interjects a speech which is nothing to the purpose. His purpose, however, is gained, and the common people gaze with respectful wonder at the magistrate who is not afraid to speak to a judge. The rule of Sir Roger is paternal, but then he is ambitious, in return, to maintain among his dependents the submission of children.

The chaplain is a scholar notwithstanding, but he is also a gentleman, and has not the ill-bred vanity to parade his erudition before the ignorant. It is to pay rather too dear for the character of a pedant to forfeit a character for sense, and to be voted vulgar, conceited and a bore. The chaplain, we may suppose, had learnt to flavor his conversation with the juice of the grape without thrusting upon the company the stalks and husks. Addison's notions of a pastor come out in the description. The parson is the arbiter of all the disputes of his parishioners, and lawsuits have been unknown for the thirty years he has lived among them; but it is upon the sermons that the Spectator lays the principal stress. The advice of Paley to his pupils to make one and steal three, is improved on by the chaplain, who composes none at all, but, with the concurrence of his patron, has digested those of our burning and shining lights into a connected system of practical divinity. Accordingly, when Sir Roger inquires who preaches to-morrow, he is answered, "The Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon." Addison heartily wishes that more of the clergy would follow his example, and study to pronounce effectively the master-pieces of the pulpit, instead of wasting their spirits in abortive efforts of their own. The duty of cultivating the art of reading is much dwelt upon by Addison, and it is to be feared that the accomplishment is still very rare. As the best music, badly played, makes indifferent melody, so false elocution degrades the finest composition to a level with the worst. The coldness with which Dryden spoke his plays at a rehearsal destroyed any spirit his genius had infused; but Nat Lee delivered inferior dramas with a force which induced a performer to throw aside his part, in despair of acting up to the recital of the author. While the best discourses of our Church of England divines were heard with apathy, because the clergy read so much worse than they wrote, Benjamin Franklin, no Methodist or enthusiast, found a charm in listening to Whitefield's sermons, however uninteresting the

matter, for the sake of the exquisite modulations of voice which gave to every word its appropriate accent.

The recommendation to Smith and Thompson to preach South and Tillotson is of more doubtful expediency. Every cultivated mind must prefer the finished compositions of genius to the rapid commonplaces of ordinary men; but the practice has never been countenanced by the public, and the clergyman who avowed the system of the Coverley chaplain would lose the consideration of the bulk of his hearers, or, if he keeps his own secret, it is discovered at last, and he is brought in guilty of the double crime of incapacity and deceit. Franklin, who agreed with Addison, was unable to save a friend from utter desertion after it had once oozed out that his long-applauded eloquence was a happy memory for the writings of others. Several instances of the inconvenience which attends the proceeding have occurred within the limits of our personal knowledge. A large-aced man, irritated to find that his Sunday volume was in regular course of delivery from the pulpit, invited the curate to dine, and laid the book open on the drawing-room table. A surviving friend having published a selection of sermons by an admired preacher—who, if there was truth in ghosts, would have risen up to scare the printer from his task—an enemy forthwith blazoned the sad fact that they were so many reduced copies of famous originals. Another popular favorite was plagued to print a particular specimen, and, weakly consenting, the true author reclaimed his thunder. A still more painful predicament was that of a certain respectable rector who—in an evil and indolent hour—got a friend to assist him, and heard one afternoon his own morning discourse, paragraph after paragraph, declaimed above his head with torturing emphasis. The orator, in all the bliss of ignorance, spared neither voice nor gesture, while his unhappy precursor, to whom every syllable was like a sentence of death, sat a suffering spectacle to pews and gallery. A short time since a printed sermon was sent to the entire body of the clergy, with an intimation that, upon order, a regular supply would be kept up at a shilling apiece. Like the answer of Shakespeare's clown, which fitted all questions, the piece was suited to every text; and the author enclosed a list, with a letter of the alphabet attached to each, and recommended the preacher to be guided in his choice by the initial of his parish. The device was, to prevent a coincidence of texts between neighboring pastors, which might have led to detection. Anxious to accommodate the meshes of his net to all kinds of fish, he was careful not to offend any party in the church; so that, what with the universality of his subject, and the universality of his creed, he was in a continual strait. But the clergyman is in a worse, who, in the midst of the riches of our English divinity, buys a paltry shilling's worth of an obscure scribe. Since to copy is prohibited, the wisest course is to imitate, and, by sitting at the feet of Gamaliel, to grow qualified to stand in Gamaliel's place. Our best discourses could not anyhow be delivered to country congregations in their present form. They were expressly penned for an enlightened audience, and, without numerous alterations to adapt them to rustics, would fly above their heads instead of reaching their hearts. Luther knew a priest who preached to an almshouse of ancient widows on the duties of marriage, and admonished them not to be negligent in the per-

formance thereof. The inapplicable and the incomprehensible are all one in the result.

Addison, in a couple of sentences, conveys a vivid idea of the domestic establishment: "His servants are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor." The staid respectability of Sir Roger is reflected in his train, and the easy nature of his government in their long service and placid contentment. Steele enlarged upon the hint, and employed the following paper in turning Addison's wine into negus. Beyond the benevolence of the design, which was to enjoin kindness upon masters, there is little merit in the Essay. He hit, however, upon a characteristic trait in the earliest sketch, where Sir Roger is represented as calling the servants of his acquaintances by name, and holding a conversation with them, when he paid a visit, all the way to the reception-room. The account of the Coverley portraits, which is also by Steele, is extremely flat, with the exception of one bit of lively satire which will never want originals. They have been looking at a picture of Sir Humphrey de Coverley, and Sir Roger relates to his glory that he was near being killed in the civil wars: "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field, upon a private message, only the day before the battle of Worcester." Thousands of people are hourly boasting of such hair-breadth escapes—ambitious to unite the comfort of life with the credit of death.

Coverley Hall, in common with all the ancient rural mansions in the land, had the reputation of being haunted. Every room was locked up in which a death had occurred, and Sir Roger, finding that the ghosts had got possession of his house to the exclusion of himself, resolves on an action of ejectment, and sets his reverend friend to sleep in the long-eschewed apartments. The notion that the clergy had power over spirits was propagated by the church in Roman Catholic times; and, since none but the priests were acquainted with Latin, they started the wise corollary that ghosts must be addressed in a learned tongue. Credulity has an enormous swallow, or the pretence that people who understood no word of any language but English when they were living, would be deaf to everything but Latin when they were dead, must have stuck in her throat. The monopoly of exorcism had grown in Addison's day to be more unpleasant than profitable. A chamber from which air had been excluded for years only differed in size from the proper tenement of the church-yard guest, and, though safe from ghosts, the divine was in imminent danger from damp. He became, for the occasion, a sort of warming-pan to the family, seasoned the atmosphere for the laity, and had the first-fruits of the vault-like feel and musty smell.

When the snoring of the chaplain had frightened away the spectres from Coverley Hall, they took refuge in the ruins of an adjoining abbey, which is finely described by Addison. The butler warns him, with a serious countenance, not to walk there after sunset, and backs his advice with the alarming fact that the milk-maid, a month before, had heard such a rustling in the bushes that she dropped her pail from her head. The hazardous process of putting a clergyman to sleep in the possessed chamber, reclaimed lost accommodation

indoors without arresting the evil. Addison aimed at a more sweeping reform. He hoped to lay all the ghosts in the country. In its ordinary form, no superstition could be more unreflecting. The spirit, foul or gracious, scratched behind the wainscot, banged a door, or uttered an unusual sound. If he thought proper to show himself, he glided noiselessly in a sheet, without offering to molest either man or beast. A supernatural visitant from a mysterious world, his highest deeds were to play the freaks of a mouse or a mischievous school-boy. These impotent shadows diffused a general dread, from the soldier who had looked undaunted upon the armies of Louis XIV., down to the sleek butlers and timid milk-maids who hurried about in the dusk with their hearts in their shoes. Addison was fond of the subject; he has admirably painted a scene—which all must have witnessed—of a family circle telling ghost-stories. One goblin raised another, till the company, wrought into a frenzy of alarm, go quaking to bed and listen fearfully at the noise of their own tread, or to their breathing, made audible by their terror-stricken stillness. Each infects his neighbor; as Partridge, who bore up boastfully upon the entrance of the ghost in Hamlet, catches the contagion from well-feigning Garrick, and parallels the heroic awe of the stage by the perfection of vulgar fright in the pit. For many nights after, he spent two or three hours in a cold perspiration before closing an eyelid, and often started from his sleep to cry "Lord have mercy upon me—there it is!"

Addison's own most elaborate satire upon the popular delusion was connected with the stage, for a ghost is the groundwork of his agreeable comedy, "The Drummer." Pantagruel was astonished to hear the roar of battle on a deserted field—but Panurge informed him that the action was fought in winter, when the frost locked up the sounds, which were then getting liberated by the rays of the sun. This has been the history of numerous dramas, and of The Drummer among the rest. Addison allowed it to be acted at the solicitation of Steele, but, anxious for his reputation, denied it the advantage of his name. The reception was chilling, and the play remained ice-bound during the life of the author; but it was revived after his death, and, being declared to be his, met with loud applause. Sir George Truman, taken prisoner in one of Marlborough's campaigns, is supposed to be killed. His widow is besieged with suitors for her jointure, and appears to favor Tinsel, a free-thinker and a fop. Abigail, the lady's-maid, is induced by the promise of a thousand pounds to support the claims of Fantome, who personates the ghost of Sir George, beating a drum, that he may scare away Tinsel. At this crisis Sir George returns home, and, by the aid of Vellum, his steward, gets admission into his mansion in the capacity of a conjurer who undertakes to lay the ghost. No sooner has the counterfeit Sir George terrified Tinsel out of his wits and the house, than the true Sir George appears to Fantome, who, believing him a spirit, is taken in a trap exactly similar to the one he had been setting, and follows in the footsteps of his runaway rival. The plot is slight, but novel, and, on the whole, skilful; the characters are common, but the dialogue lively and the situations amusing. Vellum, indeed, is an original—and one more tedious than diverting, for his methodical reasons on every trivial occasion are nearly as trying to the audience as to his friends. The ease and nature of the author are a pleasing

contrast to the artificial comedy which prevailed at the period, when every speech revealed too plainly that it had been written with effort and learned by heart. Raillery without a moral was held by Addison to be useless, and The Drummer had nearly as many morals as acts. He claimed for The Spectator the credit of having turned ridicule, from religion, upon faults; and he brought Tinsel upon the stage to direct the laugh against atheistical coxcombs, who were wont to have it all on their own side. Tinsel asks Abigail why she is his enemy! and she smartly replies, "Because I'm a friend to my lady." Addison was the enemy of the Tinsels because he was a friend to mankind. He gives the character to the life; endowing him with a little frothy vivacity and a great deal of shallow presumption. His infidelity and courage alike desert him the instant he sets eyes on the ghost; and in a paroxysm of terror he asks pardon on his knees for having talked against his conscience to show his parts.

At other end, avowed in the epilogue, is to break through the practice of jeering at marriage, and show Sir George and his lady devoted to each other; but this part of the plot is clumsily conducted. Lady Truman, to reconcile her attachment to her husband with her encouragement to her lovers, makes the gracious avowal that the diversion is indispensable for the relief of her sorrow. The widow, who finds consolation in playing at making love, is not very far from completing the job by a second marriage. Addison is in his element in the portions which relate to the ghost. Mirth and truth go hand in hand in the conversation of the servants—a literal transcript from nature. The coachman has heard a noise in the tiles, the gardener in the bed-post, and the butler contributes his quota to the evidence by announcing that while he was counting his spoons in the pantry the dog looked as if he saw something.

We must never be astonished at the shortcomings and human trepidations of the wisest. With all his banter of the weakly timid, Addison asserts that it is more rational to believe in ghosts than to pronounce them utterly fabulous. He yielded to the argument which kept the mind of Johnson in suspense—that the notion had been universal for five thousand years. To our thinking this very circumstance tells the other way; for if ghosts had existed by the side of man since the creation of the world, we should not now be able to aver that, apart from the miracles recorded in Scripture, there has never been one undoubted instance of a supernatural appearance. The collective evidence looks imposing enough, but unbind the figot, and try the strength of each separate stick, and it snaps at the touch. Addison, indeed, thinks fit to add, that, were he to reject the general testimony, he must yield to the relations of individual friends whom he could not distrust in other matters of fact. But though no subject has been more fruitful of imposture, the inquiry is less often whether the witnesses were deceivers than whether they were themselves deceived. The whole of the reputed proofs are what we might expect—if the belief were false. Ghosts appear at night, when the mind is disposed to conjure up terrors, and when imperfect eyesight aids the play of imagination. They appear in places which are of a nature to suggest the vision, in churches and burying-grounds, in ruined tenements and lonely woods, on the field of battle or the scene of a murder. They appear to solitary persons only—and such as are

the likeliest to be dupes of fancy—the cowardly and credulous—the melancholic augurers of misfortune—the over-burdened slaves of an evil conscience. They appear with the vagueness of an illusion, and disappear with its rapidity; they show themselves and vanish, and do not submit to be interrogated while they stay. They appear capriciously, and for objects unworthy of the agency—or rather they appear for no object whatever. And when we add that the insane mistake the morbid creations of their minds for substantial things; that lighter grades of disease produce proportionate effects; that in what are called "the vapors" phantastical objects pass before our closed eyes with the vividness of fact; that from the same cause it is nearly as common to hear fictitious sounds as to see fictitious sights; that many of the most striking ghost-stories have been proved to be lies, or the cunningly devised machinery of a clever cheat; that hundreds of the remaining anecdotes are hearsay reports, or depend on authorities of uncertain credit;—when these circumstances are put together, the sprites that survive the ordeal might readily, in accordance with the doctrine of the butler in The Drummer, dance a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle, or whisk through a keyhole without disturbing the wards.

It is Sunday, and we are to accompany Sir Roger to church. The essay is a gem, and so exactly true, that if Addison had been living twenty years ago we could have sworn that we knew the estimable squire from whom he copied every trait. Most of the particulars were probably derived from his native village, of which his father was the rector. Sir Roger was heard to declare, on the eve of his death, that the church should have a steeple before a couple of years were past, and the church at Milston is still without that appendage. There was once, Mr. Wills informs us, a painted window over the altar, which was battered away by a greedy incumbent, and the same worshipper of genius and the arts tore out the leaf which contained the registry of Addison's birth, and gave, or possibly sold it, to a collector. His name ought to be printed in every account of our author, that Addison's fame may perpetuate his infamy.

The tool may rust from inaction or be defiled by use, and Sunday, says Mr. Spectator, wipes away the spots and stains of the week. He enumerates among its advantages that, the parish politics being discussed by the groups in the churchyard, a peasant may distinguish himself in this humble arena as much as a citizen does upon 'change. Addison was before his own time, and is behind ours. We have grown more reverential, and the ambitious ploughman who selected Sunday and the churchyard to debate secular affairs would obtain a distinction of an unenviable kind. Practices lingered within the recollection of living men which would now-a-days cause a parochial rebellion. While, for example, the transition from license to order was in progress, a certain rector had sown an unoccupied strip of the burial-ground with turnips. The archdeacon, at his visitation, admonished this gentleman not to let him see turnips when he came there next year. The rebuked incumbent could so little comprehend these decorous scruples that he supposed Mr. Archdeacon to be inspired by a zeal for agriculture and the due rotation of crops. "Certainly not, sir," said he, "'t will be barley next year."

Sir Roger is a good churchman, and his method of showing it would be no bad receipt for bringing

the people to church. He beautifies the edifice, which gives them a pride in it; he presents them each with a prayer-book and hassock, which adds the charm of a property in the structure; and he has them taught to sing, which raises them from listeners to performers, and makes them feel that they are essential to the service as well as the service to them. When the sheep have been attracted within the fold, it is mostly the fault of the shepherd if the majority again stray away from his voice. Sir Roger has a check upon truants. He stands up in his pew, when all else are upon their knees, to mark who is missing, and on going out of church inquires for an absentee of a relative or neighbor, which is understood to be a reprimand. By virtue of his absolute power he assumes the office of beadle or sexton, and keeps the congregation in order. When surprised into a nap his first thought on waking is to look for fellow-offenders, which answers the double end of dissipating his drowsiness and averting suspicion from himself. He astonishes his great guest by calling to John Matthews to mind what he is about—but the parishioners see nothing ridiculous in the behavior, and profit by his vigilance. The patriarchal autocrat of our acquaintance was much addicted to these extra-rubrical expostulations, which interrupted the service as little as the schoolmaster's cry of "Silence" does the studies of his boys, and was heard, at any rate, with equal awe. The custom, it will of course be pronounced, is more honored in the breach than the observance, and the squire better employed in keeping to his own devotions than in superintending those of his neighbors. But however unpromising the theory may sound, the plan, we can testify, worked well in practice.

Addison comments on the happy effects which result from the good understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and compares Coverley with the adjoining village, where a tithe-war had broken the bonds between the parson and his parishioners, and between both and their Maker. The clergyman uses his pulpit to fulminate against the squire, and the squire, in retaliation, declines to go to church to hear anathemas against himself—nay more, he declines to pray in private, and persuades his tenants to be of no religion at all, in order that they may not be of the religion of the enemy. Such feuds, says Addison, are not less frequent than fatal. If either the landowner or incumbent was grasping, the sole resource was to take the tithe in kind, which was so inconvenient to both that each hated the other as the cause of the annoyance. The comfort and privacy of property were gone. The squire was unable to cut a lock of hay, milk his cow, or eat a cherry from his garden, without summoning the clergyman to receive his tenth. The clergyman found himself suddenly converted into a miscellaneous dealer in all sorts of produce;—now it was a little pig, now a few potatoes, and now a pint of gooseberries. There was an "embarras des richesses," and, for want of a ready market, a prospect of poverty into the bargain. The object being to irritate, it was common to send him a tenth of the bads as well as of the goods, and on opening his hall-door he trod on a blind puppy or a string of dead rats. Not unfrequently a dissenter was invited into the parish, and the pastor by law established was left to preach to his clerk and the pews. It was on some such occasion that the rival minister attended a funeral to the churchyard. The rector had been struggling during the service to restrain his wrath,

and when he closed the book he could contain himself no longer. "Sir!"—he exclaimed impetuously—"Sir, you are a thief." "What have I stolen?" fiercely roared the dissenter. "My congregation," retorted the incumbent, and stalked indignantly away. An arrangement which gave birth to the bitterest passions was inevitably fertile in all sorts of scandal; and since those who provoked a contest were the least likely to preserve their temper when they were in it, it is not to be wondered that disputes about tithes should have been the rupture of every social and religious tie. Addison's leaning to the clergy is apparent throughout, from which we must infer that on the whole they had justice on their side; though, perhaps, some may suggest that his clerical descent had made and kept him partial to their order.

The early amorous misadventure is related by the secondary essayist in a vein which is not in keeping with the knight of his superior. Addison had worked with the nicest chisel of a sculptor, and his good temper or his modesty must have been surpassingly great to allow Steele to follow him upon the same block with the tools of a mason. The lady of Sir Roger's love was a beautiful widow, whose pride lay in bringing admirers to her feet and spurning them when they got there. At the period of his rejection he was a fine gentleman about town. The discomfiture of the swain was the making of the squire. He retired mortified to his estate, gave up gayety and dandyism, and ever after wore his clothes of the cut that was then in vogue, which he used to say had been in and out a dozen times in the interval. The female fashions are also satirized by Addison in connection with Coverley Hall. The equestrian costume of the fair was a coat and a hat, and a tenant of Sir Roger, who is looking at the upper half of the dress, calls a sight-seeing visitant "Sir," till on an inquiry whether the knight is a married man, a shrewd suspicion carries his eye to the petticoat, and he answers "No, madam." The revolution of the circle has brought us already back to the jacket, and aspiring America threatens to abolish the remaining distinction. Look high or low, and Sir Roger's tenant would be puzzled to decide whether he had got before him an effeminate beau or a masculine belle. Addison, deeming even the coat immodest, says that he deems it of the last importance to maintain inviolate the distinction between the sexes, and that he will resist to the utmost the least attempt to cross the boundary. He adds, that the universal key to these unwomanly freaks is an expectation that the novelty will prove winning to men, and he begs them to consider whether we are likely to admire in a lady our duplicate or our opposite. They may answer the question by reflecting whether men would seem more bewitching in a bonnet and gown. The Yankeesses who urge the convenience of a manly garb must be meditating an accompaniment of suitable movements, and have got rid of their skirts that they may dispense henceforth with the foibles of grace and gentleness.

Though the widow repulses Sir Roger, she is won to acknowledge "that he is the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country." The observation occurs in the paper of Steele, but it is worthy of Addison. The knight ascribes his defeat to a female confidante—and in a second essay of Sir Richard, otherwise poor, there is the good remark that weak and humble associates pretend to the merit of the better company they keep. The familiar of a duke is haughty, of a genius

cracular, of a banker ostentatious. The great man himself may be free from assumption, but the little men have the airs which they conceive to be proper to their patron's gifts. They might have observed that it requires a shining surface to reflect borrowed light.

Sir Roger proposes in his twenty-third year, and we are introduced to him in his fifty-sixth. But it is his peculiarity to talk of the widow as if she had remained at the point where he left her—as if the bloom still lived on her cheek and the fire in her eye, and she were as busy as ever in winning and wounding hearts. When her May of life has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, when time must have ploughed furrows on her brow, and her locks, if any were left, must have been gray, Sir Roger, hearing that his political rival, Sir David Dundrum, had paid her a visit, exclaims with alarm, "I can never think she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain." The knight dilates upon his disappointment and the perversity of widows—but the wound has healed, the scar is become a trophy, and his complaints are only the soft besoothments of a tender recollection. A view of the case which strikes the looker-on at a glance has never broke upon the mind of the amiable hero who plays the game. He has overlooked that the imperious widow could have been an imperious wife—and that, having condemned him to cold water before marriage, she would have kept him afterwards in hot. She would have adopted Tinsel's scheme for disposing of Lady Truman's family plate—turned the old-fashioned gold cauldle-cup, with the saint on its lid, into a diamond buckle, the silver cooler into a coach, and the salvers into coach-horses. Where would have been the venerable chaplain, where the staid domestics whose proudest livery was their hoary hair—the sober plenty of Coverley Hall—the substantial tenantry and contented villagers! Coverley would have seen another sight with the widow for its mistress than with the knight for its master—the broad acres would have been mortgaged, the farmers needy, the peasantry paupers—and the owner (with, perhaps, small right to that title)—instead of a cheerful conscience and a radiant countenance, would have walked dejected about a place where nothing shone except gilded beggary. The widow judged better for Sir Roger than Sir Roger for himself.

A country-gentleman of the reign of Queen Anne is, of course, a fox-hunter. Many were nothing else—Squire Westerns, whose grossness would get an ill name for a Leicestershire stable-boy of the present day. Often their estates were eaten up by their horses and dogs, and a different hunt commenced, in which the bailiffs were the hounds and the blank-faced creditors cried *Stole away!* Mr. Spectator declared that the curse which Goliath intended for David, "I will give thee to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field," had lighted upon the heads of these infatuated Nimrods. But the silent sage is as far from that divine's opinion of the chase, who said it was "the world, the flesh, and the devil on horseback." He commends it where it is made a healthy recreation, and not a debasing employment. When Sir Roger's love-fever was at its height, his hunting-fever rose with it. As often as he was foiled in running down the widow, he tried to ride away care, and ran down a fox. The noses, according to usage, are nailed to his stable-door, and serve rather to remind him

how victorious was the sportsman than how unfortunate the sutor. Similar trophies decorate the panels of his hall, and in a prominent situation is a large stuffed otter, placed there by his mother "because—it seems—he was but nine years old when his *dog* killed it." It is not thus, we may be sure, that the feat was related in the Coverley circle. There it was said that the otter was killed by *Sir Roger*, and the introduction of the dog is the artful satire of Addison. A particular nose has the honor to be fastened with a brass nail, for that gallant Reynard had cost Sir Roger two fine geldings, half a pack of hounds, and a ride of fifteen hours. Now, such is the pace of horses and dogs, from improvements in the breed, that a run of an hour's duration and of twelve miles' length is an unusual occurrence, and double the space would be death to the stoutest animal in the field! The Coverley huntsman even is not mounted. The circuitous route of the horses, from their inability to rival modern leaps, and the deliberate amble at which the hounds went, threw the advantage to the side of the followers on foot. The date of the paper, July 13th, and the summer's day that a chase of fifteen hours requires, point to another diversity. The hunting season then was coeval with the year. The squire fostered the foxes to the destruction of the farmer's poultry, and killed them to the destruction of his wheat. Sir Andrew Freeport, in his discussion with Sir Roger on the comparative merit of the landed and mercantile interests, accuses the country gentlemen of passing like a blast over the fields of corn. According to Mr. Wills' note (p. 125) the complaint is reiterated for the last time in the novel of Sandford and Merton. An early act of George III. put a stop to the evil, and gave harvest time to end before hunting begins.

The Coverley papers remind us, at every page, of the passion for improvement. Though animal organization is beyond the constructive skill of man, he takes the elements existing in nature and by new combinations gets new power. He keeps adding to the qualities of his noblest coursers, his fleetest dogs, and his goodliest bees. He year by year develops the resources of the soil—reclaims the marsh from wild fowl, the heath from rabbits, and the flinty hillside from briars and thistles. He goes on multiplying the blades of grass and grains of corn, and compels an equal area to yield a twofold increase. He discovers in his raw materials unsuspected properties, until soda and sand are converted into a Crystal Palace, and water, coal, and stony ore into a train which rushes with the might of an earthquake and the velocity of the wind. He devises fresh applications of machinery, and in the creations of his ingenuity finds a servant and a master. The broad result to England is quickly told. Fifty years have doubled the population, and employment and subsistence have been doubled likewise. An engine is contrived which economizes labor, and threatens starvation to the laborer; but the issue proves that the work it makes is more than it saves. Annihilate all the cranks and wheels constructed in the interval, and return our countries, with their present population, to the condition in which they were when the century began, and there would be nothing but famine in the land. A government wiser than man's has provided, in the constant exertion of talent, for the increase of our race, and maintains a proportion between our wants and our progress. Every round we rise in

the ladder leads to a higher, but our step is limited, or we should outstrip our needs by too prodigious a stride, and encroach on the rights of a future age.

A sportsman of a race in many features extinct is introduced by Addison among the figures of Coverley Hall. Will Wimble is a younger son, who hunts his baronet's hounds, and superintends his game. He is an adept in his art and in the handicrafts connected with it—and manufactures whips, nets, flies, and fishing-rods; but his predominant trait is an overflowing liberality with regard to the toys which occupy his existence. He presents his knick-knackeries far and wide, is at everybody's service, and is the agent to carry a tulip-root or a puppy between friends who live at the opposite sides of the county. His cheerfulness, his kindness, and his descent win him general favor, and Mr. Wimble is the most popular of the triflers who do the work of a mechanic with the air of a gentleman. All the while they are eating a pike at Sir Roger's table, Will is detailing the manner of its capture, and the introduction of a dish of wild ducks merely diverts him from the history of the fish to that of the fowl. He springs a pheasant, and entertains Mr. Spectator with the adventure, whose game being character, he is not less pleased to have sprung Mr. Wimble. The silent man looks upon him with a benevolence which is the counterpart of his own, but regrets that his humanity should be of so little benefit to others, and his industry of so little service to himself. Yet he was an important item in many a little circle; his generosity conveyed pleasure, and his courtesies promoted the minor charities of life. His good nature elevates him above his occupation. One swallow will not make a summer out of doors; but one face invariably cheerful, one temper never ruffled, one heart always affectionate, makes summer in a house. Addison wrote his delightful paper with the excellent motive of persuading the gentry that trade and affluence are preferable to pride and beggary. He presumes Mr. Wimble to have tried the learned professions without success, but conceives that he was precisely adapted for commerce. In another paper he admonishes the elder brothers who fancy that an estate is a substitute for education—and shows, or tries to show, them that money does not make the man.

It is on the road to the assizes that they overtake Tom Touchy, who never fails to have work for the court. Men's passions cause more litigation than their interests, and Tom is of a temperament to sacrifice the latter altogether to the former, for he has sold a field to pay for a suit about the fence. Will Wimble's fiddle has but a single string, and he begins to tell of his fishing in a particular hole. Tom breaks in upon the tune with his own harsher though equally monotonous notes, and maintains that Will was liable to an action for trespass. They refer the difference to Sir Roger, who deliberates upon the case, and replies with magisterial authority that much might be said on both sides. The decision answers the purpose of them all—of the disputants because it puts neither in the wrong, and of the arbiter because he incurs no risk to his legal reputation. Lawyers, more learned than Sir Roger, employ their ingenuity every day to couch in specious language the same ambiguous reply. Falstaff ridicules the artifice, when he speaks in the name of the wise woman of Brentford:—

Simple.—The things were about Mistress And Page, to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Falstaff.—'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simple.—What, sir?

Falstaff.—To have her or no: go, say the woman told me so.

Simple.—I thank your worship; I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

Simple did wisely to be glad with the tidings, for it is usually all the comfort that can be got. An apothecary, who saw as far into a case as he did into a millstone, always addressed the friends of the patient to this effect:—"He may recover, and he may n't, and that's the truth." Set off by an important air and emphasis, the speech to the class among whom he practised had an oracular sound, and all the recoveries were ascribed to the doctor—all the deaths to the disease. The inexorable creditor knocked at last at our doctor's own door. A brother Æsculapius, to evade troublesome inquiries, repeated in jocular tones the wonted saying of his dying friend. But what was meat for the man was not meat for the master. "O," he said, "let's have no folly now; this is a very serious thing." Alas for his patients!—he had never discovered it before. Mr. Spectator too turned Sir Roger's speech upon himself. An inn-keeper on the estate hung up his head for a sign. The knight, fully alive to the disgrace of the compliment, had the portrait converted into a Saracen's head, which, frowning grimly, retained a comical look of the placid original. He is anxious to learn from his literary guest whether the likeness is visible, and is answered that much may be said on both sides. Modern politicians have felt so deeply the force of the maxim that it seems to have become their rule to take both sides by turns;—nor is there any lack of sympathizing and applauding critics and historians.

In one of his walks with Sir Roger, Addison meets Moll White, witch for the time being to the parish of Coverley. An account follows of the superstition, as it then existed in England, and the argumentative humor of the description must have gone far to dissipate a delusion which had sunk into its last and lowest form. To hear the villagers talk, it might have been supposed that without Moll White there would have been no such thing as evil. If a donkey strayed, or a pony tumbled, the mischief was laid upon the crooked back of the old woman. Why supernatural dominion was attributed to persons whom infirmity of body and imbecility of mind had deprived of even human power, was evidently for the reason indicated by Shakspeare—

They look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on 't.

It was an inevitable consequence that their agency should be considered of a malignant nature. A hag toothless and palsied, muttering unintelligible gibberish to herself, had not the appearance of an angelic minister. The adjuncts which completed the character of an English witch had no other appropriateness than that they were usually met together in an antiquated pauper. It required small observation to discover that there was no necessity for a compact with Satan to produce a beard upon the chin of an octogenarian female. They might have reflected that the broom-stick, upon which their crippled beldames rode through the air, would have been a mere incumbance,

since the woman must have carried the stick, instead of the stick the woman. The cat had the discredit of being an accomplice, for no better reason than that a decrepit wretch, forsaken by her fellows of the race of Adam, finds solace in the companionship of a domestic animal. Nothing so innocent but it became of evil omen when viewed in connection with anile dotage. The post was never vacant. When one unfortunate being yielded up her little remaining breath, the parishioners immediately elected a successor to her uneasy throne. The office went by seniority.

Sir, (says the coachman in *The Drummer* to Sir George Truman, in his capacity of conjurer,) I would know whether poor Dobbin is bewitched by goody Crouch or goody Flye?

Sir George.—By neither.

Coachman.—Then it must be by goody Gurton, for she is the next oldest woman in the parish.

Sir Roger is half credulous, half sceptical. He rejects many of the tales which are told to Mother White's disadvantage, but he advises her, when they enter her hovel, to abjure communication with the devil, and not to injure her neighbor's cattle. He protects her from the rough injustice of the village mob, but would have committed her for regular trial—except for the interposition of his chaplain. He acquits her of any concern in the wind which blew down his barn a month after her death, but betrays by his manner a lurking suspicion that she brewed the blast. Addison himself is not very logical. He gives conclusive reasons why the home superstition is unworthy of credit, but still believes that there is such a thing as witchcraft, because foreign nations have been no wiser than our own ancestors. On the same principle, that which was seen to be a pollarded tree by those who stood at the foot, looked a ghost in the distance. He was not the only person who despised the allegations he could investigate, and appealed to the vague traditions he could not. Richard Baxter, writing in 1651, based his conviction on the fact that scores of persons had in sober England been put to death for crime:—it never occurred to him that a foregone conclusion might determine a verdict. The error has died out before advancing knowledge; for, like the moon, it was only lustrous by night. Addison lived when the morning was breaking—when, with light pouring forth in streams from the east, the shadows of rebuked darkness flickered for a brief space longer over the scene. Just before Mr. Spectator commenced his publication two women were tried and executed for witchcraft at Northampton; and in 1716—five years after the appearance of the number for July 14th, 1711—a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter met the same fate at Huntington for "selling their souls to the devil, making their neighbors vomit pins, and raising a storm by which a certain ship was *almost* lost." (Note, p. 126.) The famous Act of the British Solomon, under which so many atrocities had been solemnly perpetrated, was at length repealed by the 10th Geo. II., 1736;—but still the superstition lingered on among the common people, and so late as 1751 an old woman expired under the established test of being immersed in a pond. The bell-man cried the coming event in several market-towns of Hertfordshire, and the ring-leader—ultimately hanged for the murder—collected money from the crowd for what they conceived to be a praiseworthy deed.

From witchcraft to fortune-telling is a natural transition. They overtake a troop of gypsies, and Sir Roger, who jeers at the butler for his annual consultation of some swarthy Sibyl, though he is sure every time to miss a fork or a spoon from his pantry, is himself tempted into a parley with the queen of the crew. The art of telling fortunes consists in divining the applicant's wishes, and Sir Roger's weakness was not hid under a bushel. The oracle, therefore, detects in the lines of his hand that "he had a widow in his line of life." "Go, go," says the enraptured knight, "you are an idle baggage"—and the idle baggage proceeds to intimate that the widow returned his love and would some day or other be Lady de Coverley. "As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary." Here a beggar accosts the knight, and he, putting his hand into his pocket, discovers that it had just been picked—which rather damps his hilarity. The information he thought supernatural was parallel to the case of the coachman consulting his disguised master in the Drummer:—

Coachman.—Sir, may a man venture to ask you a question?

Sir George.—Ask it.

Coachman.—I have a poor horse in the stable that's bewitched.

Sir George.—A bay gelding.

Coachman.—How could he know that?

Sir George.—Bought at Banbury.

Coachman.—Whew!—so it was, o' my conscience.

Sir George.—Six years old last Lammas

Coachman.—To a day!

But it was well for the worthy knight to nurse the fond deceit, and purchase fresh fuel for his delicious dream.

Addison touches upon many of the points which distinguished country from city manners. Party spirit was more virulent in Arcadia—for it is invariably the case that the sting in the tail of faction is worse than the tooth in its head. While the fine folks of Westminster were dining, dancing, wooing and wedding, with little attention to whiggery and toryism—their cousins who differed in politics could agree in nothing, could not dine at the same table, bait at the same inn, or smoke their pipes in contemplation of the same bowling-green. The water flowed tolerably clear among the top circles of society, but there was always mud at the bottom. Country ladies and gentlemen figured in the cast-off fashions of the metropolis. Communication was then so slow and limited that by the time a pattern reached Worcester it would have been laughed at in London.* Politeness in the provinces missed its end by destroying ease and independence. There was so much bowing and condescension that good breeding was almost a bar to good fellowship. In passing from the drawing to the dining room the civil contention to be last might have led to the suspicion that it was an enemy they were to attack instead of roast

* Addison introduces Sir Roger as "a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent." He probably paid no attention to such provincial controversies—but the honor of having produced the dancing Sir Roger is, it seems, disputed to this day by the respectable families of Calveley of Calveley in Cheshire and Calverley of Calverley in Yorkshire.

beef and plum-pudding. As they were the days of drinking, somebody suggested that it would save trouble if the company were carried in as well as carried out. When with infinite difficulty they were seated at the table, they acted upon the opinion of Lady Macbeth that the sauce to meat is ceremony. The meat got cold while the sauce was bandied about, and it was not till the bottle began to circulate that, bounding from one extreme to the other, they dropped awkward stiffness for boisterous familiarity. It was no unusual thing for men who exchanged congées at the beginning of a feast, like a couple of dancing-masters, to end in knocking each other down. In a contemporary list of convivial rules is the recommendation to keep grasping your neighbor's fist in your fingers to keep it out of your eye. Mr. Spectator, who is devoid of taste for contentious hallooing and personal violence, begins to meditate a retreat. He had been gazed at on his arrival with respectful deference, but he is now the subject of impertinent speculation. His solitary walks and his silence in company are interpreted differently, but always to his disparagement. Some pronounce him haughty, some shy. Will Wimble conjectures that he has killed a man; the villagers that he is a conjurer, brought down to dissolve the spells of Moll White. It is the opinion of an opposition justice that he is a jesuit in disguise—of Sir Roger's kinsfolk that he is a designing fellow. Sir Roger tells them the simple truth, which is much too simple to gain credit, and they continue confident that the Londoner does not hold his tongue for nothing. An unsociable being is forgotten in a crowd; in the country he stands out a conspicuous mystery, and his neighbors are never weary of guessing at the riddle. The silent Spectator escapes not the common imputation. Tedious, Tattle and Trifler, are usually agreed that the man must be wrong in his head who prefers books and nature to their exhilarating conversation, and unless he wears his disposition on his sleeve, and allows the rural public to inspect it, he must make up his mind to be thought a madman or a monster.

Addison, somewhat weary of all this misapprehensive coldness, quits the rural scene, and is, after a few months, followed to London by his host. Prince Eugene is here, and the good man has come up to get a sight of the great lion. There are other political allusions in the paper, and nothing can surpass the artful skill with which Addison speaks through the artless Sir Roger. They meet in Gray's Inn Walks, where the knight is employing his tongue in rating a beggar and his hand (as usual) in relieving him. He brings up a budget of news. He has been keeping Christmas with old English hospitality, and makes the beautiful observation that it is fortunate that it should fall in the middle of winter, and excite the rich to cheer the poor with bounty and frolic. Mr. Wimble was the leader in the pastimes and tricks, but his mirth this season had received a check. He cut some sticks from Tom Touchy's hedge, and Tom is prosecuting him according to law. The knight has been studying Baker's *Chronicles of the Kings of England*, and for the present sees everything by Baker's lantern—quotes him at the club, and visits Westminster Abbey that he may examine the monuments with historic acumen. Before they set out he drinks a glass of widow Trueby's bitters, and persuades Addison to drink another, who finds it medicinally nauseous. Sir Roger tells him he was aware he would dislike it, but that it is an

excellent preservative against the stone or the gravel. Addison, who is apprehensive of neither, wishes that his friend had specified the nature of its virtues before he recommended the draught. Not that the knight is threatened himself with a single symptom of the disorders, but it was his whim to stop those two holes in the sieve. A coach is called, and he asks the coachman if his axle-tree is good, as if he expected him to confess that it was bad. He inquires if he smokes, and takes his recommendation of a tobaccoconist. He displays a still more notable piece of simplicity at the Abbey. He has judged of the acquirements of the guide by the knowledge displayed in his parrot-repetition, and fancied himself all along in the presence of a prodigy of learning. He shakes hands with him at parting, and invites the astounded man to visit him at his lodgings in Norfolk buildings, and talk over Baker and the monuments at leisure. He is next carried to the theatre, where he keeps up a running comment on the characters, on the supposition that they are real. The happier he to have the snow on his head and the heart of a child in his breast. No man that night enjoyed the play like Sir Roger.

His inability to discriminate between London and Coverley customs draws on him notice and ridicule wherever he goes; and it must, we think, be allowed that here Mr. Spectator hardly keeps in mind his own initiatory statement that the knight had *once* been a gay young fellow about town. But let that pass—we may well take the worthy as he is presented to us. His kindness to strangers tells well enough when he calls upon the silent man at his lodgings, and wins the heart of the landlady by stroking her son on his head and bidding him mind his book; for gentleness is so proper to the domestic circle that it is always sure to meet a response. But when he gets into public his civility does not pass current at the Coverley computation. He salutes every one, as at home, with "good-morrow," or "good-night," and some youths on the Thames reply to his courtesy by inquiring of Addison what queer old Put he has got in the boat! The knight is first shocked, then indignant, and wishes he was a Middlesex magistrate, that he might teach such vagrants that her majesty's subjects are no more to be abused by water than by land. They are on their way to Vauxhall, whither they are pulled by a sailor who had left a leg at La Hogue, for Sir Roger will never be rowed by a waterman who has not lost a limb in the wars. He carries the principle so far that, if the world had partaken it, not a soul could have earned a sixpence unless his leg had been carved from the same plank with his oar. He bids a waiter at the gardens carry the leavings of their repast to the veteran in the boat; but the bountiful provincial would have got abuse, and the waterman no beef, unless Addison had cut short a saucy remonstrance and enforced the command. The single-eyed old squire has not the faintest conception that he is out of his element. Where he detects, which is seldom the case, an opposition of manners, he supposes that the eccentricity is on the side of Babylon, and shakes his head at a world that is smiling on him.

But the time was come when his benevolence was to gladden no longer, nor his oddities to divert. Addison had grown to regard the character with a fondness which could not brook interference, and when Tickle produced a paper, which contains more natural strokes than any that is not the work

of king Joseph himself, he extorted a promise that his friends would let Sir Roger alone for the future. He foresaw, however, that strangers would not be so abstinent, and, to prevent a Grub-street continuation, determined that the knight should die with the "Spectator." "With a certain warmth of expression," which Mr. Alexander Chalmers translates into "a fit of anger," he exclaimed, "I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him." The story, which rests on the express authority of Budgell, is opposed by Chalmers on the critical score that it was expedient for "The Spectator" to close the club. He has not informed us why the closing of a club imposes the obligation to kill off a member, or why Sir Roger should of necessity be selected for the victim, and Will Honeycomb, an older man and a worse constitution, be left upon the stage. It was equally natural to allow the knight to live or to die, and Budgell's anecdote merely supplies the authentic motive which made Addison prefer to consign him with his own hands to the tomb.

Sir Roger leaves the world with the same spirit in which he had lived in it. He loses his roast-beef stomach, and nothing afterwards does him good, except a message from the widow. The old flame blazes out afresh with that gentle stirring, and what between pride at her notice, and hope of her relenting, he displays a vivacity which gives some promise of recovery. But the glimpse of hope is evanescent—the cloud darkens again. He prepares for death with calm self-possession, and is active in benevolence up to the very brink of the grave. He bequeaths an independence to the chaplain, mourning to the parishioners, pensions to the servants, jewels to the widow, rings to the club, kind wishes to everybody—and finally expires amid the tears of the entire neighborhood, who never expect to look upon his like again. The letter of the butler to Addison, which contains the particulars of Sir Roger's decease, is accompanied by a book which he had destined before his sickness for Sir Andrew Freeport. It proved to be a collection of Acts of Parliament—with some passages marked, to convince the Citizen that he was wrong in an argument they had held at the club. Sir Andrew opens the parcel, casts his eye on the old knight's writing, puts the volume in his pocket, and bursts into tears. That single incident would have stamped Addison a master of nature and pathos.

Nearly a third of the little book now before us is occupied by the editor's notes, and several of the essays he has reprinted have nothing to do with the knight. Addison's speculations on instinct concern China as much as Coverley—except that they profess to be dated from Sir Roger's seat. An excellent paper by Steele on spendthrifts and misers, and another on a journey to London, are equally foreign to the subject. When we further subtract the diffuse descriptions of inferior pens, which do not help on the history, the whole is reduced to a narrow compass. In that short space we have learnt as much of Sir Roger as those who lived in his parish and sat at his board. Nay, we are better acquainted with him than were most of his neighbors, for we see him with Addison's piercing eye. We know him with his narrow mind and large heart, with his sense and simplicity, with his feudal consequence and kindly condescension. He appears to us as plainly as he did to his clerk, a magistrate impressed with the fullest sense of his official dignity, yet better versed

in natural justice than in statutory law; always exerting his power on the side of humanity, and a terror to none but evil-doers. He stands before us a "fine old English gentleman"—an earnest partisan of church and queen, of sports and good cheer, not deeply read in men, and scarce at all in books, which, when he chanced to study them, he receives for oracles. But not all the cultivation in the world could have made him a better landlord and master, more hospitable to his neighbors, more considerate of the poor. He is a genial, hearty squire, the centre of the parochial circle, and discharging his duties none the worse because his vision is bounded by that limited horizon. But it is not Sir Roger alone that finds a place in the Coverley papers. Addison has grouped around him much of the country life and characters of the time. Coverley church would not be more familiar to us if we had attended many a service there; nor the modest and intelligent chaplain if we had walked with him fifty times under his favorite avenue of elms; nor the light-hearted gentleman-gamekeeper if we had partaken of his jack, and heard him narrate all the incidents of the sport, from the throwing in the line to the landing of the prize. This combination of distinctness and brevity is due to the skill with which Addison selects the particular circumstance that tells the tale. No delineator has surpassed him here. He picks out a trifling incident, a casual observation—but they are chosen with such adroitness that the imagination instantly completes the portrait. His truth is wonderful. He walks on the same level with Nature herself, and is never tempted to exaggerate her proportions. He does not even meddle with man in his intellectual strength, or in the excitement of passion. He takes him in his homeliest moods and commonest occupations, and would be tame if he were not so delightfully arch and so tersely graphic. Addison, recorded by Swift as quite unrivalled in a *l'écrit-à-l'écrit*, was reserved in companies that were not composed of his intimate friends—and it is amusing to picture his silent scrutiny, unnoticed itself and noticing everything. Caution slept in his presence, and little dreamed that his quiet eyes were gathering up foibles for a "Tatler" or "Spectator."

His humor is the most tranquil of any in literature. He has no sparkling repartees, no grotesque situations, no broad flashes of wit which set the table in a roar. His art is to introduce with grave composure the point which constitutes the absurdity of the original. He neither heightens it into caricature nor polishes it into epigram. He does nothing to call attention to it, but appears an unassuming reporter, hardly conscious that he is writing in a diverting style. The smile he excites is barely sufficient to curl the lip, but it raises an inward complacent mirth more cheering than laughter. His satire is perhaps unique in its meekness. He speaks of himself as a great lover of mankind, whose tears flowed with joy at public solemnities to witness the pleasure of a holiday multitude. A tender heart and a caustic pen have often gone together. With him the man was never lost in the author. There is no gall in his ink, and if it kills it is after the manner of those perfumed poisons which were not less grateful than deadly. In its intellectual qualities the wit of Addison and the wit of Swift were not totally unlike. Both were masters of sarcastic allegory, and both excelled in humorous gravity and homely fidelity. In the temper of their satire they were the two extremes;

Addison gentle, Swift stern; Addison compassionate, Swift morose. The dean would have torn to pieces a lamb like a wolf, but his friend would have endeavored to coax a wolf into a lamb. Swift cared less to correct than to condemn. His chief delight in a bone was the pleasure of snarling over it. His morbid body made a misanthropic mind, and the black bile of his mournful disease covered all his writings. Addison's happy disposition looked at dark grounds through a sunny medium. He is never cynical, never malevolent; his harshest language is mild admonition and sportive railery. Swift's wit is sometimes a bludgeon sometimes a razor; but Addison is content to tickle with a feather.

There was probably a policy as well as virtue in the moderation of Addison. He was nervously timid about public opinion, and though, to judge from his works, it appears untrue that he was willing to wound, we suspect there was foundation for the second half of Pope's antithesis, that he was afraid to strike. His disposition was unfit for personal conflict, and we should think his genius likewise. At any rate his soft and placid humor is no proof that he was possessed of the sharp tooth which leaves a mark in the flesh of a formidable adversary. Powers which are closely allied are frequently not to be found in conjunction. The keen glance which Addison cast upon life would have led us to infer that he could have exhibited man under the transports of emotion, but when he attempted tragedy the frigid dialogue plainly proved that all nature was not his province. So, with his satire, though he shot his reeds with infinite skill, we doubt if he could have forged the iron arrows that Pope directed against himself.

Addison's general sentiments are what might be expected from the rest of his character. His maxims rarely strike us as very novel or profound. Yet in all of them there is something peculiar to himself—a justness, a good sense, and a benignant cheerfulness which produce pleasure and win assent. His allegories are apt, ingenious and original, and the best are of the highest order of poetical beauty of which the composition seems capable. No one that has written with equal purity and grace has attained to the invariable ease of his style. It is equally removed from affectation and meanness, from artifice and negligence. His felicities read as if they had come unsought, and are combined with sentences of so unpretending a turn that no one would suspect him of seeking a flower that did not lie in his path. We confess we agree with those who consider him deficient in condensation and force—but merits always tread closely upon defects, and his step might have lost in elasticity what it gained in firmness. No English classic is more deserving of study in the present day, for his beauties are the antidote to the reigning vices of style—the perpetual attempts to gild copper, and to dazzle with an unnatural and fatiguing brilliancy. His mild and mellow light would tone down our flaring and flimsy colors, which are not the colors that will stand. Generations to come will linger over his lucid and elegant page, when our flashy verbiage, forced conceits, German mysticisms, and Dutch vivacity have all faded into a fortunate oblivion.

No one can tell the misery of an unloved and lonely child; in after-life a degree of hardness comes with years, and the man is not susceptible of pain like the child.

HARPER AND DICKENS.—A correspondent, in reference to a statement which appears in the American papers to the effect that Mr. Charles Dickens has, for a sum of two thousand dollars, made an arrangement with Messrs. Harper, Brothers, (whom our correspondent designates as "the pirates *par excellence* of English literature,") for the delivery to them in New York of the proof-sheets of "Bleak House," by way of securing their priority of publication—calls our attention to a pledge volunteered by Mr. Dickens ten years ago—and which appeared in our own columns—of which pledge he complains that this arrangement is in breach. "For myself," wrote Mr. Dickens, "I have resolved that I will never from this time enter into any negotiation with any person for the transmission across the Atlantic of early proofs of anything I may write; and that I will forego all profit derivable from such a source." "If," says our correspondent, "in the face of this solemn asseveration, Mr. Dickens makes a treaty with the buccaneers who infest the high seas of literature, and thus compromises one of the most sacred rights that can belong to a man of genius—why, I, for one, say that

There is no morality

I' the world, but what the bad man rich
Can purchase with his gold."

We confess that we are not able to give that sympathy of indignation which our correspondent expects at our hands. In the first place, we must observe that the payment of two thousand dollars to Mr. Dickens for the right of early publication in America is an *anti-buccaneering* act—and points at once to the fallacy of Mr. Dickens' earlier proposition. Not to take the money offered for copy-right in the absence of an international law, is simply to leave piracy to its work under cover of denouncing it. When Mr. Dickens' letter appeared, we expressed our inability to see how the general adoption of his proposed measure could lead to any beneficial end—and we believe now that in his indignation of the moment, Mr. Dickens inadvertently put his principle in the wrong place—and has found it out. If it was unwise to make the pledge, it would be more unwise now to keep it—and it is not very reasonable to demand that he should do so. What would Mr. Dickens get by refusing this two thousand dollars? Why, simply that his book would travel the length and breadth of the Union, yielding him nothing;—and, so far as depended on him he would have given effect to that absence of international copyright law which offends him—and us. From what we know of Mr. Dickens, we have little doubt that if the principle were really found to be at issue here, he would maintain his hasty resolution at no small amount of sacrifice;—that he should do so when to do so is to work against the very ends which he had in view, we cannot join our correspondent in demanding.—*Athenæum*.

LITERARY CIRCLES OF LONDON.—The society of the literary world of London is conducted after this wise:—There are certain persons, for the most part authors, editors, or artists, but with the addition of a few who can only pride themselves upon being the patrons of literature and art—who hold periodical assemblies of the notables. Some appoint a certain evening in every week during the season, a general invitation to which is given to the favored; others are monthly; and others, again, at no regular intervals. At these gatherings, the amusements are conversation and music only, and the entertainment is unostentatious and inexpensive, consisting of tea and coffee, wine or negus handed about in the course of the evening, and sandwiches, cake, and wine at eleven o'clock. Suppers are prohibited by common consent, for costliness would speedily put an end to society too agreeable to be sacrificed to fashion. The company meets usually between eight and nine, and always parts at midnight.—*The Critic*.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE NATURALIST IN JAMAICA.*

JAMAICA! What a host of thoughts jostle each other as we write the name; when we think of what it was in its palmy days, of what it is—alas! of what it might still be if its glorious soil and climate had but fair play. Time was when its sugar-canes exuded a golden flood, when its planters were princes, and all was flourishing in spite of slavery, maroons, and Obi; when it was regarded as one of the brightest gems in the British crown, and when he who saved the West Indies was almost worshipped as a demigod. Now, the estates that lavishly supplied every luxury to their lavish proprietors are mere incumbrances; and the no longer fortunate islands drain the mother country instead of pouring wealth into it. But though politicians may minish countries and bring them low, they cannot change nature. Her plants still will spring and her animals obey the divine command, and nowhere is she more exuberantly prolific than in the isles of the Caribbean sea. When, therefore, Mr. Gosse, stimulated by his love of natural history, determined upon a sojourn in Jamaica, he did well; in publishing the result of his observations during the many months which he so pleasantly passed there, he has done still better.

Qui hæret—the proverb is somewhat musty—is applicable to literature as well as law; but the first half-page of the *Naturalist's Sojourn* determined us to accompany him on his voyage, and we think that those of our readers who open the book will not be satisfied till they have followed our example and read Mr. Gosse's most interesting volume from beginning to end.

Three weeks' run exchanged the chilly fogs and frosts of a London autumn for an atmosphere so hot, that even a sheet on one's bed at night was too oppressive to be endured. The dark gray waves of the north, swelling and surging with hoarse roar and crests of driving foam, were left behind; and were replaced by the delightful stillness of the tropic sea, where the sun's rays, piercing into the depth, imparted a beautiful azure tint, approaching to pale Antwerp blue, to the transparent water; and the little crests of the rippling surface, as they rose and fell, and broke into drops beneath the unclouded light, glittered and sparkled gloriously.

The voyager's eye was soon filled by an enormous whale wallowing in his huge unwieldiness and making "the deep to be hoary."—(p. 2.) This from the description must have been a Rorqual *Balanoptera*. Presently a bonito was taken, with its stomach distended with a multitude of small snipe-fishes, (*centriscus*,) and a living specimen of the fish last named was drawn up on the same day in a bucket, thus proving that the *centriscus*, although it is described by Risso as rarely wandering far from the shore, and as delighting in the mud at the bottom of a shallow sea, is to be found in the midst of the Atlantic, in the stomach of a surface swimmer, and under circumstances which show, that, so far from being a littoral species, it is pelagic, frequenting the ocean.

Where fathom-line did never touch the ground.

Here we have an example of the danger of

* *A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica*. By Philip Henry Gosse, A. L. S., etc., assisted by Richard Hill, Esq., Cor. M. Z. S. Lond., Mem. Coun. Roy. Soc. Agric. of Jamaica. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1851.

drawing general conclusions from particular premises.

On sailed the good ship, disturbing in its course the recreations of a large turtle, (supposed to be *chelone caretta*,) which was leisurely swimming on the surface, eleven hundred miles from the nearest point of land, sending him on a dive and with a splash into the security of the dark blue depths below; and soon a squadron of those fairy vessels, the Portuguese men-of-war, (*Physalia Arcthusa*, for the species is the *Aretusa* of Browne, and his name, therefore, has the priority, taking date before that of Lamarek, who describes it under the name of *Physalus pelagicus*,) floating and rocking upon the azure waves, with their rich rosy pink sails, and their brilliant glassy-looking hulls glittering in the sun. These appear unusually beautiful even to the eye of Mr. Gosse, who once, in the gulf, had been nearly a whole day traversing a multitudinous fleet of them. Then came a herd of large cetaceans, trooping astern of the ship, and soon commencing a game of marine romps, frolicked around, after the manner of dolphins, all the evening, remaining in company long after night-fall, while

— pura nocturno renidet
Luna mari.

These, Mr. Gosse thinks—and from his description there can be little doubt that he is right—were of the rare species known as the toothless whale of Havre, (*Delphinorhynchus micropterus*.) He was very anxious to ascertain whether they spouted. They usually expired with a rushing sound the instant the blow-hole was exposed, but did not, as far as he observed, spout. Once, however, he noticed a little cloud of steam sailing away on the wind, from the spot where one had just disappeared. It exactly resembled, he tells us, that appearance which succeeds the spouting of the common rorqual, but as his eye did not catch the animal itself, he cannot positively speak to its origin on this occasion. While the Delphinian frolics were going on, the ship was bounding before a gallant breeze, and proceeded nearly 120 English miles. What a notion this conveys of the facility with which cetaceans cleave the brine!

All this while the surface net was not idle, and Mr. Gosse was rewarded with some of those delicate pteropods, the *hyalea*, known to collectors as Venus' chariots; and several specimens, more or less imperfect, of that most interesting cephalopod, the *spirula*, to some of which barnacles, (*lepas*,) tiny, but perfectly developed, were attached, as well as many oblong dark brown eggs apparently of the same cirrhipeds.

The common opinion that the motion of the flying-fish through the air is nothing more than a vigorous leap, is satisfactorily contradicted by our observer, who noticed their power of changing their direction in the air, saw more than one turn aside at nearly a right angle, and several rise and sink in undulations; remarked one suddenly turn downward and perpendicularly, and enter the water with an action exactly resembling that of a bird; beheld, when they came near, an occasional fluttering of the pectoral fins, and saw one curve its course so as to describe more than half a circle. He figures one of these marine fliers, a delicate creature, and apparently a new species, (pl. 1.)

Now for a starlight picture, followed by a sunrise:

The watch were all seated on the booms beneath the shadow of the boats amidships, and the only living

being visible on deck was the man at the wheel, and he did his easy work silent and motionless. The white sails were bellied out before the gallant trade-wind, and the rushing of the bows through the little waves, and the rustling of the water beneath the quarter, were the only sounds to be heard. The sky was almost cloudless; Orion, in glittering splendor—"armatus auro Orion"—was nearly in the zenith; Ursus major had just risen from his ocean bath, no longer answering to the ancient description—

"Αρκτος ———
Οἷθ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοτρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο—

and was curving round the low Pole-star; the Moon and Jupiter had set. Presently Venus rose from the sea, enveloped in a slight haze, and looking, when a few degrees above the horizon, exactly like a light-house, but glowing like a torch as she rapidly mounted up the sky. About six o'clock I went aloft and sat in the maintop to see the sun rise free from distraction. It was a splendid sight; the gradual lighting up of the eastern quarter of the heavens, and the refulgent gilding of the few clouds that gathered there, were most gorgeous, and went on increasing in splendor every moment; till at length the sun leaped up "in his clearness," and irradiated the solitary ocean far and wide. The whole scene was indescribably beautiful; and though its elements are common to all parts of the earth, yet the effect was something new, and produced a peculiar emotion of delight; a sort of thrilling feeling, somewhat like that which the deep tones of a fine band of music will often excite.

Bravo! but why Ursus major! Are we to change our time-honored and comparatively euphonious Ursa major for Mr. Gosse's Ursus and cluster of consonants? No, by the Blessed Bear of St. Duthac; by the bones of the Baron of Bradwardine, no.

Here is a night scene by this painter with the pen:

The moon, "walking in brightness," poured down a flood of soft light on the ship and the wide sea around, putting out the stars above, but making amends by the thousand mimic ones that were momentarily forming below by the reflection of her silver face in the dancing, breaking wave-crests. Sometimes we watched the phosphorescent flashings of the sea, and the brilliant sparks that went and came among the curdled milkiness beneath the stern, stirred and whirled by the action of the rudder; or sometimes we would walk into the forepart of the ship, and see the same curious phenomena to still more advantage, where the bows dived into the sea, and threw off the luminous foam on either side. Or from the same spot we would gaze aloft, and admire the swelling canvass, partly white as snow in the glancing moonbeam, partly in deepest shadow; while each sail stretched and bellied out before the breeze, just as the poet has described it—

— tumidique inflatur carbasus Austro.

But land! land! The little isle Desirada was detected in the horizon like a thin blue cloud; Antigua and Guadalupe next showed themselves dim and distant. Montserrat then appeared, and the fresh breeze swept them along between that island and Radonda, a vast mass of barren rock that rose steep and abrupt out of the sea, relieved against the horizon, already glowing with the declining sun, and reminding the observer of the Bass, not only by its form and appearance, but by the myriads of sea-birds congregated in clouds around it.

They were settling down for the night; and strings of other birds, from all points of the compass, were

seen on flagging wing wending their way to their island lodging, after their predatory seaward excursions of the day. Behind the rock, in the northern horizon, was seen the conical form of Nevis, that lovely little gem of the Hesperidan archipelago, but blue and distant, and presently lost; for the sun had set, and the night, like a giant, strode quickly over the scene.—(p. 17.)

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the Dark—

True and beautiful Coleridge!

At daybreak, on the 5th of December, they were off the mouth of Kingston harbor, becalmed on a sea of crystal clearness, and presently the beauteous island with its glorious peak, purpled by the sunbeams, lay before them in vivid distinctness, justifying the appropriate but homely comparison by which Columbus is said to have given an idea of it to Queen Isabella—a sheet of paper crumpled up tightly in the hand and then partially stretched out. But Mr. Gosse can speak best for himself:

It was noon before the welcome sea-breeze came in, and then it was so slight that we could scarcely feel its gentle breathing. It was sufficient, however, to impel us gradually nearer to the land, and thus to reveal the minuter beauties of the scene whose grander features we had been admiring at a distance. Many little flat kays, as such islets are called, lay around, among which our tortuous course led us; scarcely more than the flat tops of coral rocks, almost level with the sea, on which sand and shells had been accumulated by the waves; yet pleasant to look on, because covered with low bushes of a refreshing greenness. On their snowy beaches, where the gentle ripple was sparkling, or perched on the irregular blocks of black rock that lay half covered with the tide, sat many Pelicans, preening their plumage, and dashing the water over their wings, or lazily resting after their morning's fishing excursion. Some sat sleepily on the sea, their forms reflected from its bosom, inert and motionless, except for the alternate rise and fall which were produced by the undulation of the ground-swell.

At length, the peculiar harsh rattling of the chain cable, rushing through the iron-lined hawse-hole, announced that the anchor was dropped, and at the same moment the captain's gig was lowered to convey himself and the passengers across the beautiful broad harbor, to the thriving city at its head. But it was as a naturalist that I was there, and the sea-beaten shore promised me greater gratification than a visit to Kingston; hence I availed myself of the boat only to be put ashore at Port Royal Wharf, whence I speedily found my way to the long, sandy beach of the Palisades.

This low, barren bank of sand, which to an unobserving eye would have presented nothing but desolation, had charms for our naturalist:

The graceful Coconut Palm sprang up in groups from the water's edge, waving its feathery fronds over the rippling waves that dashed about its fibrous foot. Great bushes of Prickly-pear and other *Cacti* were growing on the low summit of the bank, covering large spaces of ground with their impenetrable masses, presenting a formidable array of spines; as did also a species of *Acacia*, that grew in thickets and single trees. All along the line of high water lay heaps of sea-weed drying in the sun, among which was particularly abundant a species of *Padina*, closely resembling the "Peacock's tail" of our own shores, though less regularly beautiful. Sponges of various forms, and large Fan-corals, with the gelatinous flesh dried on the horny skeleton, were also thrown up on the higher beach; and I found in some

abundance, a Coralline, of a soft consistence, and of a bright grass-green hue, each branch of which was terminated by a radiating tuft of slender filaments.

Shells were very scarce on the sea-beach; but on the harbor side many species were found in the crevices and pools of the low rocks, and just within the margin of the water. All were small, and few presented any facts worthy of being noticed.

At Alligator Pond he was tempted by the plumpness and rich blooming color to taste one of these prickly pears, and his lips were soon bristling with the spines which guard the fruit, and are detached from it by the slightest force; but, nothing daunted, he improves the occasion by reminding us that an excellent crimson dye, equal to true cochineal, has recently been obtained in the East Indies from the fruit of *opuntia coccinellifer*, the nopál, on which the cochineal insect is fed, and he suggests that it would be worth while to institute experiments on the fruit of this species which is so abundant in the most sterile places in the West Indies. While he was looking at a large butterfly (*calidryas eubule*) that flitted about the expanded blossoms, and admiring the similitude of color between the fly and the flower, both being entirely of a delicate yellow, a humming-bird suddenly appeared probing one of the latter; but was gone before our observer could well note his plumage. The ruby gleam that flashed from his throat, as he came and went like a meteor, induced the conclusion that the species was *laniopornis porphyreus*, the mango, as it is commonly called, the sides of whose gorget are crimson in some lights. He next came upon a spider nursery, affording evidence of first lessons in fly-catching in the homes of these truculent spinners and weavers:

Among the joints of the tangled prickly pear, many vertical spider's webs were hung, some of which were of sufficient strength to offer considerable resistance to the hand. I looked at the tenant, and found it to be *Nephila clavipes*, a spider of exceeding beauty. It is of large size, being an inch and a half in length, exclusive of the legs, which extend over a space five inches in diameter. The body is lengthened, and studded with round white spots, each environed with a black border, on a rich greenish-brown ground, reminding one of the characteristic marking of the Tragopans among birds. * * * * Several young ones were scattered about the net of one of large size, each of which hung head downwards on the threads in the manner of the adult, remote from her, and from its fellows. Hence it would seem that the young of this species learns its first fly-catching lessons on the parental web, and is not sent into the world to practise on its own account its net-weaving trade, until it has attained some size and strength. Most of the nets, however, in the prickly pear bush were occupied by spiders (*Gasteracantha*) of smaller size, but equally curious; the abdomen having a shell-like hardness and polish, and being hexagonal in form, with the angles produced into sharp points. There seemed to be two species of these, some having the abdomen of a dull red, and others, the more common, of a porcelain whiteness.

He who would collect chitons so as to preserve their beauty, and does not mind being knocked down by the surf now and then during the process, will do well to make himself master of the *modus operandi* stated at p. 33.

After a narrow escape from shipwreck in port, from striking on a reef, that stretches off some distance from the entrance to Bluefields Bay:—

When morning broke, it found us in the midst of the broad bay, that stretched in a wide semicircle

before us, just off the open harbor, or rather roadstead, of Savanna-le-Mar. Under a gentle breeze we were running in, and I had opportunity to admire the lovely scene. The verdant Guinea-grass pieces and pastures of Bluefields and the pens around, sloped up from the sea, studded with white houses that gleamed in the rising sun. Further to the eastward lay the park-like estate of Mount Edgecumbe, its greensward varied with groves and clumps of the graceful Pimento. Behind, rose the mighty rampart of the Bluefields Ridge, rising into one conical peak of half a mile in height, and others of less elevation, and jutting out into the bay in a bold promontory, covered, from the rounded summit to the very foot upon the sea-beach, with the dark and dense primeval forest. The town of Savanna-le-Mar, scarcely rising above the sea-level, could be recognized only by the clustered masts of the shipping at anchor; and from it stretched away, in a long needle-like point, the eastern extremity of the island, Cape Negril. Blue and distant, yet bold and well-defined in outline, rose above the flat country about Savanna-le-Mar, the Dolphin's Head, a single mountain, resembling in form a crouching lion, and reputed to be equal, if not superior, in altitude to Bluefields Peak. In the smooth water in-shore, that accurately reflected the outline of the land, long strings of pelicans were alternately plunging after their prey, and sailing on heavy flagging wing; and far, far overhead, like black specks against the bright sky, a flock of man-of-war birds were placidly floating, resting, if I may be allowed the term, in the lofty air, after their morning meal upon the flying-fish in the offing.

The water all over this beautiful bay is unusually transparent, so that in six fathoms, the bottom, with every rock, patch of sand, or bunch of weed, was as distinct as if seen simply through a broad plate of glass. We ran in through a very narrow channel, the coral reef almost touching us on either side, as I saw plainly enough from a little way up the shrouds.

The contrast of the palmy days of the exuberant island, as displayed in the pages of Sloane, Browne, and Bryan Edwards, with the following too truly painted scene, is painful. The mere catalogue of the wild plants which bounteous nature has scattered with so prodigal a hand over fields once rich in cultivated crops, shows what a fertile soil has been suffered to become even as the garden of the sluggard.

In the prosperous days of Jamaica, Bluefields was a sugar estate; but is now, like many other beautiful properties, given up, almost entirely, to resume the original wildness of nature. The greater part is, therefore, what is called *ruinate*, the expressive term applied to land in such a neglected condition. About a dozen acres are kept open in pasture, among the grass of which grow many flowering weeds, such as the Mexican Horn-poppy (*Argemone*), the West Indian Vervain (*Stachytarpha*), Swallowworts (*Asclepiada*), small *Passiflora*, and others; and about as much more is planted with the valuable, and always verdant Guinea-grass (*Panicum jumentorum*), among the tussocks of which may generally be seen fluttering dozens of that pretty pink-winged moth, *Deiopeia bella*. But all around is covered with a dense and tangled mass of second-growth, chiefly logwood, interspersed with calabashes, breadnuts, and cotton trees, and with the usual fruit-trees of a plantation, the avocado-pear, the akee, a recent introduction from Africa, oranges and limes, cocoa-nuts, mangoes, guavas, papaws, sops, and custard apples. There is not a day in the year in which fruit from some or other of these may not be plucked.

We can only stop, in passing through, or rather looking into a tropical forest—for passing through,

practically, is impossible, as all who have made the attempt on the spot know—to notice the wild pines. Of these—

The most imposing of all is the noble *Tillandsia lingulata*; the leaves of which are long, and shaped like those of the pine-apple, widened, and, as usual, sheathing each other at their bases, and throwing out in July large flowers of a rich crimson hue and polished surface. The sheathing bases of the leaves form natural reservoirs for water; the rains and dews accumulating there in considerable quantities, and forming a resource for thousands of birds, and even for man himself, in the season of drought, and affording retreats, always cool and moist, for those reptiles that respire through the skin.

While Mr. Gosse attracted by one of those beautiful *orchideæ* that garland tropical boughs, was up in a calabash tree, engaged in detaching bunches of *oncidium*—

The beautiful Long-tailed Humming-bird (*Trochilus polytmus*) came shooting by with its two long velvet-black feathers fluttering like streamers behind it; and began to suck at the blossoms of the tree in which I was. Quite regardless of my presence, consciously secure in its power of wing, the lovely little gem hovered around the trunk, and threaded the branches, now probing here, now there, its cloudy wings on each side vibrating with a noise like that of a spinning-wheel, and its emerald breast for a moment flashing brilliantly in the sun's ray; then apparently black, all the light being absorbed; then, as it slightly turned, becoming a dark olive; then in an instant blazing forth again with emerald effulgence. Several times it came close to me, as I sat motionless with delight, and holding my breath for fear of alarming it, and driving it away; it seemed almost worth a voyage across the sea to behold so radiant a creature in all the wildness of its native freedom.

Those who are acquainted with corals from the dried specimens in our museums only, should follow Mr. Gosse,

Where the rocks of coral grow,

and, entering the sea with him, taking care not to go barefoot, if he would avoid the penetrating prickles and spines of the *echini*, or sea-eggs, behold the works of this immense joint-stock building company, glowing with the expanded multitudinous polypes which have raised the wonderful pile. They will do well if they protect their legs as well as their feet, for our bare-legged wader was soon feelingly convinced that these polypes, like the *Medusa* or sea-nettles, sting, and, having somewhat rudely come in contact with the coral rock, he received a scratch on the leg, which the stinging influence—of which he had before been warned, by its effect on his unbroken skin—soon converted into a large and very painful tumor.

There is an animated picture of a market-day at Savanna-le-Mar, with a submarine view, dotted with mollusca and echinoderms in their habits as they live (p. 57).

Lunar rainbows, the leaf of life, (*Verec crenata*),—whose vitality resists all attacks, save those of a hot iron or boiling water—Bluefields Mountain, with its botanical and zoological treasures; those charming soaring butterflies, the *urania*, plying to a height which leave our own purple high-flyer, Sir Joseph's Emperor, far below, ascending to a height of five hundred feet, must not arrest us; but Jamaica is the land of lizards, and we shall pres-

ently pause to examine some of them, as soon as we have gazed at the fire-flies, which,

—starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire.

Mr. Gosse, by the way, would substitute "green radiance" for "blue" in Southey's beautiful lines, and he objects to "starring the sky," as at variance with the lowly habits of the genus; "but that's not much;" so we shall leave our naturalist to speak of the Glow-flies, (*Pyrophorus noctilucus*), to which both he and Mr. Hill, his able coadjutor, have paid particular attention.

From February to the middle of summer this beetle is common in the lowlands, and at moderate elevations. Lacordaire's account of the luminosity of this *Elater* (known to me, however, only by the citation in Kirby and Spence's *Introd. to Ent. ii. 333*, 6th edit.) differs so greatly from the phenomena presented by our Jamaica specimens, that I cannot help concluding that he has described an allied but very distinct species, and I feel justified, therefore, in recording what I have myself observed. The light from the two oval tubercles on the dorsal surface of the thorax is very visible even in broad daylight. When the insect is undisturbed, these spots are generally quite opaque, of a dull white hue; but, on being handled, they ignite, not suddenly but gradually, the centre of each tubercle first showing a point of light, which in a moment spreads to the circumference, and increases in intensity till it blazes with a lustre almost dazzling. The color of the thoracic light is a rich yellow green. In a dark room, *pitch-dark*, this insect gives so much illumination as to cast a definite shadow of any object on the opposite wall, and when held two inches from a book the whole line may be read *without moving it*. The under part of the thorax has a singular appearance when the tubercles are fully lighted up; for the horny coat of skin, being somewhat pellucid, displays the light within redly and dimly, as if the whole thorax were red-hot, particularly at the edges immediately beneath the tubercles. When left alone, the insect soon relapses into stillness, and the tubercles presently fade into darkness, either total, or redeemed only by a spark scarcely perceptible.

That the thoracic light is subject to the will of the insect is indubitable; but whether the same can be predicated of the abdominal light I am not assured. During flight it is every second intermitted, as far as the observer can detect; but its appearance or disappearance may depend upon whether the dorsal or ventral surface is presented to the eye. This is when, soon after dark, the insect is sweeping in rapid, headlong, irregular curves over the fields or along the edges of the forest; when the appearance resembles that of a stick with the end on fire (but not in flame) carried or whirled along by one running swiftly, quenched suddenly after a course of a dozen yards, to appear again at a similar distance. When slowly flying over the grass, the progress of one may often be traced by the red glare on the ground beneath; a space of about a yard square being brightly illuminated, when no light at all reaches the spectator's eye from the body of the insect.

Now for Mr. Hill's speculations on the cause of the light:—

No one can have looked upon a stretch of canes in some rich and teeming soil in one of our serene nights, and seen the numerous luminous insects shooting athwart the gloom like meteors, or spangling the wide landscape as with a thousand stars, without being struck with the relation which subsists between the prevalence of phosphorescent insects, and the growth

of a plant, like the sugar-cane, which depends on the presence of an unusual degree of phosphates in the soil. The fact is, that the peculiar economy of these insects with respect to their phosphorescence is carried on by the aid of vegetable food in which phosphorus is elaborated. Vegetables fashion elementary or mineral matter; and when fashioned those matters pass readily formed into the bodies of animal;—animals change one portion of them, and store up another in their tissues;—they engender heat, and elicit force in consuming that which vegetables have produced and slowly accumulated. This is the relation between the luminous insect, and the soil charged with phosphates. What the plant reduces, the insect appropriates and consumes;—plants decompose carbonic acid to seize upon its carbon, and they decompose water to seize upon its hydrogen; animals burn carbon to form carbonic acid, and they act on hydrogen to form water. The fire-fly, in its economy of life, burns the phosphorus, absorbed from the plants that nourished it, to give forth light. The phosphorus in a state of combustion unites with the oxygen of the air, and when we experimentalize this process of combustion, in order to trace the parts severally played by vegetables and by animals in the economy of nature, we find that phosphorus, when it unites with the oxygen of the air, produces a solid acid, which falls down in the included air like flakes of snow, and in this way it again combines with the soil.

It is certain that the fire-fly feeds upon the sugar-cane; and should the larva do so likewise, as it is *xylophagous*, this insect must be added to those that do mischief to the planter, considering the abundant swarms which nightly, at certain seasons, illuminate the cane-fields. When Mr. Lees, from the Bahamas, carried the living fire-fly to England, he took sugar-canes to sea with him, on which the beetles fed. They readily broke away the wood to obtain the saccharine matter; and after his stock of canes was consumed, they ate brown sugar; and were kept alive the whole of their voyage from June to the middle of September. (*Zool. Journal*, vol. iii.) Of the two kinds of luminous beetles which we possess, the *Elater noctilucus*, with the large phosphorescent tubercle on either side of the thorax, produces the wire-worm of the corn-fields—the *Lamproyris*, which we call the *Blinker*, has not been traced through its transformations. It is usually found on the trunks of trees, and in a state of inactivity;—during the day it clings to their bark or is concealed in their fissures.

The trap-door spiders (*Cteniza nidulans*) are well described at p. 115.

One word of palms and tree-ferns:—

Two fine species of real palms are found in these lofty woods, though not in great numbers. The one is the Long Thatch, a species of *Cocos*, whose long pinnate fronds are used for thatching the houses of the negro peasants; the other is the Mountain Cabbage (*Areca oleracea*), one of the very noblest of this kindly race of plants. It shoots up its verdant tuft of feathery fronds to an enormous elevation, some specimens even to the height (as is credibly asserted) of two hundred feet. To think of a tree as high as the Monument of London, with a slender branchless stem, as straight as an arrow, perfectly cylindrical, yet not more than a foot in diameter! The immense spike of blossom that projects in the early autumn from the base of the crown, arching gracefully downwards, is a fine object. I have seen, at such times, the earth beneath the tree, for a space of many square yards, quite white with the scattered pollen, as if a light snow shower had fallen. Bees, beetles, flies, and other insects, throng around it in this season, attracted by the nectariferous bloom, and themselves forming an attraction for numerous swallows, which, darting by on rapid wing, snatch their selected victims as they

pass, and, wheeling round, return again and again to the prey.

But if I were asked to name the most prominent character of the vegetation on these lofty peaks, I should designate it a region of ferns. Scores of species, and thousands of individuals, fringe the sides of the path with their graceful fronds, and almost choke the way. If we sit down on the gray-spurred root of a tree, the great fronds of *Phlebodium aureum*, so elegantly pinnate, arch over our heads, and spread widely on each side; while the eye is pleased with its massive twisted leaf-bases, covered with golden hair that shines like silk, and with the brown, delicate, thread-like roots, that cling to the bark of the tree spur, meandering over it like a spider's web. The large triangular pinnæ of *Adiantum macrophyllum* overlapping each other, and gradually diminishing, have a very striking appearance; and many of the minutest kinds growing in hollows of the stones, and beneath the roots of the trees, display a grace and beauty peculiarly their own. Within the gloom of the forest other forms are seen in luxuriant profusion. The trees are loaded with them: many of the terrestrial kinds spring in feathery tufts from the crevices of the bark, and curve gracefully towards the ground; others fringe the horizontal limbs, and conceal the forks; and others, perhaps the most curious of all, as *Phlebodium lycopodioides*, *Ph. vacciniifolium*, *Polypodium acrostichoides*, &c., crawl up the trunks of the tall trees, from the earth to their summits; their lengthened slender stems clinging fast to the bark, fringed, throughout all their irregular windings, with their small oval or oblong leaf-like fronds. The sides of the bare rocks, and the surfaces of the large loose stones, that lie in the woods, half concealed by bushes, are sprawled over by similar caulescent and clinging species of the great fern tribe, which is estimated to constitute one ninth part of the whole vegetation of Jamaica.

And now for the brilliant changeable

Gay lizards glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light.

Mr. Gosse met with that fine Iguaniform Lizard, (*Dactyloa Edwardsii*,) called Venus by the negroes, but not, as he thinks, in allusion to the Queen of Love, on the Bluefields ridge. Mr. Hill states that it is usually called the Green Venus, and that he takes *Venus*, in this case, to be an Indian word; for he found the lizard in a district of St. Domingo, (Yasica,) in which all the rivers had Indian names, and he remarks that they have an Indian name for another of their lizards in *Iguana*.

Mr. Gosse, having ascended the ridge with a companion, saw one of these lizards about a foot long, and of a lively green color, which, head downward, was intently watching their motions as they approached. His young friend suggested the possibility of capturing it, by slipping a noose over its head, while its attention was engaged by whistling. Mr. Gosse took the hint, and, having made a noose of small twine, which he tied to the end of a switch, gently walked towards the creature, whistling a lively tune. To his astonishment, it allowed him to slip the noose over its head, merely glancing its bright eye at the string as it passed. He jerked the switch; the music ceased, and the green-coated forester was sprawling and dangling in a great rage at the end of the string, biting at everything near. Its choler soon had a chameleon-like effect on its skin, which presently began to change from green to blackish, till the animal was of an uniform bluish-black, with darker bands on the body, and of a brownish-black on the tail, the only trace of green

being just around the eyes. Mr. Gosse carefully secured his prize without injury, and brought it home in his collecting-basket, into which it was no sooner put, than it fiercely seized a piece of linen in its teeth, and would not let it go for several hours; so it was transferred, linen and all, to a wired cage, when, at length, it suddenly let go its hold, and flew wildly about the cage, biting at everything presented.

At night, (writes Mr. Gosse,) I observed him vividly green as at first; a token, as I presumed, that he had in some measure recovered his equanimity.

The next day he continued very fierce. I hung the cage out in the sun; two or three times in the course of the day I observed him green; but for the most part he was black. The changes were rather quickly accomplished.

After he had been in my possession about four days, I observed him one morning sloughing his skin; the delicate epidermis, loosened from the body and legs, looked like a garment of thin white muslin, split irregularly down the legs and toes, and separated from that of the tail, on which the integument yet adhered unbroken. Throughout the day the loosened skin hung about the animal, though more and more loosely. He had not abated a whit of his fierceness; leaping at a stick pointed at him, and seizing it forcibly with his teeth.

The food of this lizard appears to include both vegetable and animal substances. I was never able to induce one to eat in captivity; but the dissection of several has given me this result. Thus in one I found hard seeds and farinaceous substance; in another the fragments of a brilliant *Curculionid* beetle, and other insects. I once observed a large one on the summit of the mountain, deliberately eating the ripe-Glass-eye berries, munching half of one away at a mouthful.

It would require no great warmth of imagination to identify these sunny, spicy, pomiferous groves with the golden-fruited gardens of the Hesperides, and this fierce, sinister, saw-crested lizard, with the watchful dragon that guarded them.

Mr. Hill thus accounts for the changeability of color in the lizard race:—

It is now pretty satisfactorily determined that the direct or more immediate cause of this peculiarity is physiological, and dependent on the action of the lungs upon the circulatory system. Their lungs are large, dilatible, and prolonged; and the phenomenon itself is always most remarkable among lizards, whose general cutaneous covering does not adhere closely or uniformly to the muscular layer beneath. A large portion of air enters below the skin; and as it is variously distributed, according to the state of the reptile, in respect to tranquillity or disquietude, it gives the many-colored hues we see so instantaneously occurring in them. Cuvier says, that "in effect, their lungs, rendering them more or less transparent, urge the blood to rush more upon the skin, and, according as the fluid fills itself or empties itself of air, its color becomes more or less lively." By the investigations of Mr. Houston, (*Trans. of Roy. Irish Acad.* xv. 177,) the proximate cause of changeability is connected with the circulatory system. The skin of the changeable Saurians is not only very thin, but highly vascular; and he thinks that the color of the blood appearing through the semi-transparent covering, and being variously modified by its more permanent hues, is of itself sufficient to account for every diversity of tint which the *Chameleon* can assume. He maintains the opinion that these effects are produced by vascular turgescence, "just as the increased redness in blushing is caused by a rush of blood to the cheeks." I would seek in addition an illustration from the changeable hues in the *caruncles* of the turkey. There, too,

aeration produces a diversity of influences on the circulating system. The red blood distributed through these parts increases and diminishes its intensity of tint by the different aerations at the caprice of the bird; and, being sometimes wholly deprived of its red particles, flows colorless, as the fluids circulate in the white of the eye.

If all the birds of Jamaica were voiceless except the mocking-bird, the woods, the groves, the gardens would still, Mr. Gosse assures us, be everywhere vocal with his profuse and rapturous songs.

In those brilliant nights, when the full-orbed moon shines from the depth of the clear sky with such intensity that the eye cannot gaze upon the dazzling brightness of her face, shedding down on plain and sea a flood of soft light sufficient to enable one to read an ordinary book with ease in the open air—how sweet, how rich, how thrilling, are the bursts of melody that rise from the trees around, the serenades of wakeful mocking-birds! Nothing to be compared to it have I ever heard in England; the night-song of a single bird, however fine may be its execution, is no more to be put in competition with such a chorus, than the performance of a single musician, though a master, with that of a band. Nights so lovely are seen only in the tropics, and the music is worthy of the night.

Turn we now to that gorgeous flower, the night-blowing *Cereus*, (*Cereus grandiflora*):—

The long trailing stems of this cactus are very commonly seen in the lowlands, sprawling to a great length over the stone fences, hanging in irregular festoons from the forks and limbs of the trees, the great cotton-tree in particular, and intertwining its tough and prickly vines among the shrubs, helping to give the woods that formidable, repellent, impenetrable character which a tropic "bush" is known to present. The magnificent flowers are, however, rarely seen; the plant seems to be a shy bloomer; and when the blossoms do meet the eye it is in nine cases out of ten either as unexpanded buds, or in that miserable drenched condition, which the flowers of a cactus always assume when fading, looking exactly as if they had been dragged through boiling water. In order to see it in perfection, one must make it open in the house, or visit it at midnight, which is inconvenient. I have several times marked a maturing bud, and when it appeared nearly ready to burst, cut a few inches of the stem on each side, and brought it within doors. Soon after dark it begins to open, and towards midnight expands in its noble beauty, a disk six inches in diameter, very double, the exterior rows of petals of a yellowish-brown hue, gradually paling in tint to the centre, where the petals are of the purest white. Meanwhile, the delicious clove-like perfume is diffused in such abundance, that a delicate person can scarcely sit in the room, and the very house is filled with it from one end to the other. In the morning beauty and fragrance are both gone, and the blossom, lately so gorgeous, possesses no more of either than may be pretended to by a boiled cabbage.

The Pond Turtles, (*Emysdecussata*), in their turbid and tepid home, overhung with a vigorous Bastard Cedar, from which the luxuriant vines, which bear the melon, named after that negro hobgoblin, the Duppy, dip their tangled mazes into the water, are most graphically described dozing in the sunshine or chequered shade, on logs and branches, till a stick thrown in makes them vanish, as they drop from their seats into the water, without a sound, and almost without rippling the surface; nor are the habits of that grim giant, the Ant Lion, less amusingly described. Then we have a most interesting account of fishing and fishes, among which the

Parrot-fish, with its abrupt, almost vertical profile, white eye, and brilliant azure hue, is remarkable, like its feathered namesake, for the power of moving the upper jaw.

The snakes next claim our attention, and our observer notices the mode by which they climb, a hint that should not be lost on our illustrators of books of natural history. Writing of the black snake, (*Natrix atra*, Gosse,) he remarks:—

It climbs with facility, mounting perpendicularly the smooth trunk of a tree, and gliding along the branches, on which it loves to lie in the sun. If alarmed it will sometimes move along the branch, but generally drops to the ground, lowering its foreparts gradually, but very quickly, and letting go with the tail last of all. The mode in which Colubrine snakes (and perhaps others) mount trees is, I think, misunderstood. We see them represented, in engravings, as encircling the trunk or branches in spiral coils, but this, though it may do very well for stuffed specimens in a museum, is not the way in which a living snake mounts a tree. It simply glides up with the whole body extended in a straight line, doubtless clinging by means of the tips of the expanded ribs, as we can see that the body is perceptibly dilated and flattened. In fact, a snake finds no more difficulty in passing swiftly up the vertical trunk of a tree, than in gliding over the ground. I have been astonished to remark how slight a contact is sufficient for it to maintain its hold. The black snake will allow the greatest part of its body to hang down in the air, and thus remain still, while little more than the tail maintains its position by clinging (straight, not spirally, and not half round it, but longitudinally along it) to the upper surface of a branch; and it will often pass freely and gracefully from one branch to another at a considerable interval, projecting its head and body with the utmost ease across the interval. The motions of a snake in a tree are beautifully easy and free, and convey the impression that the reptile feels quite at home among the branches.

In observing the pretty Violet Flat Crabs, (*Goniopsis ruficollis*, De Geer,) in those dismal morasses which border the shore, and communicate with the sea by means of creeks, as they crawled, by thousands, on the roots and up the trunks of the mangroves, clad in their bright but not gaudy panoply, Mr. Gosse remarked a sensibility of touch in the indurated points of the claws, which we should hardly expect to find under such a stony integument.

The Crab crawls slowly along, in no defined direction, while the two claws are held, points downward, in front of the face, and lightly feel the surface of the mud, as we should by using the finger and thumb. At very short intervals, one or the other claw picks up some little morsel—often so small that the spectator can only guess its presence by the action—and carries it to the mouth with so easy, so human-like a motion, that I have been greatly pleased with it; exactly like a person feeding himself with his fingers. That the eyes are not the guides to the situation of the morsels, I feel assured, for they are placed high up on the forehead, and point upwards; and, moreover, I have repeatedly seen the claws feel, and even pick up, from under the body. I have watched the progress of the Crab, too, to some morsel that I had thrown in; no notice was taken of it, until the claw touched it, as it were, accidentally, in feeling round and round; but the instant it was touched it was conveyed to the mouth.

Why will not some adventurous epicure establish a correspondence with our West India Islands, and import the delicious frugivorous land crab, which, when artistically dressed in its own shell,

and seasoned with a *soupeon* of cayenne, and a squeeze of lime-juice, comes, if we are to believe one whose refined taste we have never yet caught tripping, as near to ambrosia as any mortal dish can! A few days would bring them, with almost no care, to our shores, in good condition. Even in the old slow sailing days, they were brought here alive, and some were exhibited in the Zoological Garden in the Regent's Park, where they lived for several weeks.

The Amphibæna, or Two-headed Snake of the old books of natural history, which we have seen figured in one of those voracious chronicles with two distinct heads, branching off from the same neck, derived its name from its power of moving backward or forward with equal facility. This pretty little serpent, named from its apparent want of eyes, *Typhlops*, is perfectly harmless, and, on the 3d of September, Mr. Gosse found an egg new to him, in the secluded woods of Auld Ayr.

Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses.

This egg proved to be the cradle of *Typhlops lumbricalis*.

I was out shooting (writes our sporting naturalist) with my negro servants, when we heard in these lonely woods what we supposed to be the voice of the ring-tail pigeon. As this fine and rare bird is said to resort to the smoke that ascends from any fire that may be kindled within its haunts, for the relief which is thus afforded to it from the incessant torment of the mosquitoes, we determined to make a fire, in order to get a shot. The lads had collected some deserted nests of termites for fuel, and, on breaking them up, I discovered in one of the cavities an egg, of a long-oval form, and of a clear buff hue, with a stiffly membranous integument. The breaking of the surrounding mass had ruptured also the egg, and disclosed a young *Typhlops*, which writhed nimbly about, and soon crawled from its prison, to which it remained attached, however, by the vitellus. It was very active, fully formed, similar in color and appearance to the adult, except that the inferior surface was tinged with a delicate rosy hue. The eyes were very plainly discernible, though in the adult I had searched for these organs in vain. The frequent protrusion of its forked tongue gave it a snake-like character, which its general aspect did not possess. It was four and a half inches in length, and one eighth of an inch in diameter; depressed in form as the adult. The tail was one sixth of an inch in length; and the *umbilicus* was exactly one inch distant from the caudal point. The egg measured an inch and one eighth in length, and five twelfths in diameter; and this size struck me as surprisingly great, seeing that the greatest thickness of the body in the adult animal is considerably less than that of this egg!* The appearance of a female *Typhlops* with such an egg contained in the abdomen, must be singular, even if but one is developed at a time; but if many are synchronously matured, her dimensions must be immensely enlarged during pregnancy.

In another, of about the same size as this prematurely born young one, or rather less, which was taken on the first of November, wriggling quickly along on the ground near Bluefields house, the *umbilicus* was not perceptible, except by an exceedingly slight depression.

I am not aware that this reptile, or any of the allied species, is aquatic in the slightest degree; but its natatory powers are considerable. One, which I put into a vessel of water for observation, swam rapidly

* This young specimen, still attached to the egg, is now in the magnificent collection of the British Museum.

and gracefully, throwing the body into elegant vertical undulations, like a leech. Snakes, I think, swim in this way. The fecal discharges I found to have the white, creamy appearance common to serpents.

Mr. Hill informs me that, in course of the cuttings for the laying down of the railway between Spanish-town and Kingston, the laborers laid open the subterranean habitations of several of these reptiles; a circumstance which afforded subject of wondering comment to the vulgar, who suppose that they are truly monsters, with a head at each extremity. The depth of the burrow, which would be interesting to know, my friend has not mentioned.

Last year a monstrous viper with two heads was sent to the vivarium of the Zoological Society of London, but it did not live.

The Yellow Boa, (*Chilabothrus inornatus*)—an unapt specific name, by the way, for its black and yellow livery, well shown in Mr. Gosse's fourth plate, joined to the purple iridescent glow reflected from the playing light emanating from the dark parts, make it anything but unadorned, serves to introduce interesting anecdotes of its habits. A great devourer of rats, and also of hen's eggs, which it swallows whole, it evidently possesses, in common with other serpents, a power of fascination, and, moreover, can erect itself on its tail, and leap on its prey, or its adversary, at a bound of several feet.—(pp. 314, *et seq.*) This is the Yellow Snake of Sloane and others, and, although it is normally oviparous, it is not unfrequently viviparous. This has been proved both abroad and at home. Mr. Gosse asks, "Is it possible that a serpent normally oviparous might retain the eggs within the oviduct until the birth of the young, when circumstances were not propitious for their deposition?" To which we answer, "Yes." Mr. Griffith gave to Mr. Hill an account of one of these serpents, which produced at Cumberland Pen, in Jamaica, twenty-three young ones, all perfectly formed; and, on the 28th of November last, a gravid female, of the same species, sent to the Zoological Society of London, by Mr. Hill and Dr. Bowerbank, produced twelve young ones, being probably the first instance of such an event having occurred to a Yellow Snake, in any European menagerie.

But who will send us the wonderful crested and wattled snake, which is said to crow like a cock? One of these was killed in the neighborhood of a plantation called Drummond Castle, about eight miles from Kingston, in the immediate vicinity of the romantic scenery of the "Falls," remarkable as the hiding-place of Three-fingered Jack, of melodramatic memory; a cascade district of wild wonders, which, as Mr. Gosse observes, the imagination of no painter of theatrical spectacles can surpass. This serpent, although its bulk equalled that of a Yellow Snake of seven feet, did not exceed four feet in length, and this bulk and shortness, joined to the galeated head, with a crest like a guinea-fowl, to say nothing of the possession of what may be called a voice, justify Mr. Gosse's conjecture that it may be an *Acontias*—in fact, a lizard without limbs.

It may be supposed that the Silk-cotton tree (*Eriodendron anfractuosum*) would not pass unnoticed; and this noble vegetable giant, with a trunk of forty feet in circumference, and a towering altitude, that raises it so far above the general level of the forest as to give it a place in nautical guide-books as a landmark, is described in a manner worthy of a tree that is said not unfrequently to at-

tain a height of a hundred and fifty feet. It appears to bear a sort of charmed life, for the negroes believe that if one throw a stone at the trunk, he will be visited by sickness, or other misfortune, by the offended dryad.

When they intend to cut one down, they first pour rum at the root as a propitiatory offering. In Demerara, I have been told, the African negroes will not lift the axe against a cotton-tree on any consideration, but in Jamaica the suitability of the wood for canoes overcomes their scruples. The immense trunk is shaped and hollowed, and thus even canoes of large size are made out of a single piece. The softness of the timber facilitates the operation.

If any one should discover how the fine silky filamentous down of the ripened pods, which is now suffered to be the sport of the breeze, could be made to cohere, either by felling or otherwise, what a waste of material might be avoided!

A mere sketch of the different modes by which nature endeavors to secure the safety of animals and vegetables, would fill a good-sized volume; but Mr. Gosse relates one which is quite new to us, and which we cannot pass without notice. There is a pretty little fish, called the Sand-gootoo by the negroes, (*Tetraodon ammocryptus*, Gosse,) from its habit of hiding itself occasionally in the sand; but it seems that its shifts are not confined to this operation, and that the feat of the bottle-conjuror is no longer a romance. But we must let the donor of its scientific name tell the story:—

In endeavoring to capture some of these little fishes, a curious habit came to my knowledge. Having in my hand a gauze insect-net, I clapped it over a Gootoo beginning to hide itself in the sand. I felt sure that I had it, but my servant could not feel it with his hand, through the gauze, as I held the ring tightly down upon the bottom of the shallow water. Presently I saw, emerging from under the edge of the ring, an object, that, in size, form, and color, looked exactly like a hen's egg. The lad instantly seized it, telling me that it was the fish; and as he held it up, I saw with surprise the abdomen tightly inflated to the dimensions described, and the fish still inspiring more air with a sucking noise and motion of the mouth. To the touch it was as tense as a blown bladder, and it was with difficulty that I could force it into a wide-mouthed pickle bottle of sea-water, for it filled the neck like a cork. The instant, however, it touched the water in the bottle, it resumed its ordinary appearance, and the change of form was like the effect of magic.

Mr. Gosse's amusing description of the Pedro Seal (p. 307) is rendered very interesting, by one or two remarks on its organization, such as observers only make; we can only notice the observation, that in the female seals the mammae are concealed in the skin, and the lacteal fullness swells with the rotundity of the body, so that the animal does not suffer pain or inconvenience in its progress on land. Moreover, the bifid termination of the tongue, another peculiarity, is, as he states, an adaptation which enables the young of the *Phocida* to seize the nipple under comparatively difficult circumstances.

Mr. Hill's account of the Alco, or native dog, (p. 329,) found both in the islands and on the continent, is worthy of all attention, and is enlivened by interesting anecdote. Here is a touching instance of the fidelity and jealousy of one of this curious breed:—

Some four years and a half ago, (writes Mr. Hill,).

a friend sent me a grown-up pup, then about seven months old, a creole product of a stock originally procured from the Indian main. As this dog, which we still possess, exhibits marked traits of character which are said to prevail always in the breed, I shall set down some few of its peculiarities.

The first act of *Prince*, when brought to us, was to attach himself to a little niece of mine, twelve years old—to whom, rather than to my sister or myself, he was a present, and he became so exclusively hers, as to disregard, and even receive with displeasure, the caresses of everybody beside. He did not long enjoy the beneficent eye of this mistress;—she was seized with a mortal fever which carried her off in a few days after his arrival in our house. *Prince's* place was, however, always by her pillow—and he would rise from the soundest sleep at midnight to kiss her fevered cheek and be fondled by her, if he heard her voice. When she was in her coffin, *Prince's* place was under the head of it, where he sat silent and sullen, and seemed as much a mourner as any of the family.

Prince's affection continues to maintain this marked undivided character. His attachment has been transferred to the mother of his first favorite, since the child's death. No other object is permitted to participate in his regards. His whole heart is with his mistress. He sleeps at night by her bedside—and he selects for his place of repose the spot where her shoes are put down. By day he lies at her feet. No other living being is allowed to share in her caresses. If a child be taken into her lap, *Prince* leaps up immediately, and strives to thrust the object of his jealousy away. If he be checked or scolded for his presumption, his countenance assumes a character of unmistakable displeasure, and he withdraws himself into some retired part of the room, and rejects every endeavor to reconcile him to his disappointment. His eyes being a deep unmingled black, his countenance expresses with distinctness all his varying emotions.

There is much more equally attractive, but Mr. Gosse calls our attention to the Manatee, (*Manatus Americanus*), and we must obey the call.

One of these interesting animals, with a bosom like a Naiad's, was observed by him at Savanna-le-Mar, where it had become entangled in a seine. It was still alive, and apparently uninjured, but gave little sign of vitality beyond an occasional lazy flap of the broad tail, and the periodical opening of the nostrils. The pachydermatous character of the animal struck our observer at once. Unlike the smooth integument of the dolphin, which he compares to kid leather, that of the Manatee resembles the hide of a pig. The nostrils, placed on the top of the muzzle, consisting of two tubular orifices, about an inch in diameter when open, were ordinarily closed by a sort of semilunar valve, so that their position is then only indicated by a depression of that form with the horns pointing forward. The action of breathing was periodical and sudden. Mr. Gosse did not measure the intervals, but several minutes appear to have elapsed between the acts. "Suddenly the crescentic depressions become circular openings, and the warm breath is expired; in about half a minute they are closed as suddenly. The valve or stopper has a singular appearance; when its action is carefully watched, it seems to be the front side of the tube itself, elevated by muscular action to close, and depressed to open, the nostril." The periodical and sudden opening of the valvular nostrils of the Hippopotamus in the Zoological Gardens, and the explosive emission of the air, when that animal is breathing in the water, forcibly reminded Mr. Gosse of the Manatee. Our naturalist, though he rose early, was too late to secure the skin of the unfortunate captive, which was

already killed and cut up; but was consoled by a delicious breakfast of Manatee steaks. A total absence of oiliness, and a flavor between veal and pork, with a nearer approach to the latter, render the flesh very desirable, and the carcass was eagerly bought up in joints for the gastronomes of Jamaica. Dr. Robinson states that a large Manatee would sell at Kingston for 30*l.* currency (18*l.* sterling); and at Port Royal it fetched 15*l.* currency (9*l.* sterling) per lb. In St. Elizabeth's, at the same time, it was worth little or nothing.

Were the "Mermaids" seen by Columbus off the mouth of the Yaqui in Haiti, Manatees? As he says that they were by no means the beautiful beings which they had been represented to be, we think that we may answer in the affirmative. Seals would not have manifested the swelling breasts placed between the fore-paws, and bearing so strong a resemblance to those of a woman.

The ancient Italian Dolphin that formed an attachment to the youth whom it carried over the azure sea on its back, has a pendant in a sociable Manatee, if we are to believe old Purchas, who writes on the authority of Peter Martyr:—

There was a king of Hispaniola which put one of these animals (being presented him by his fisherman) into a lake of standing water, where it lived five-and-twenty years. When any of the servants came to the lake and called *Matto-matto*, she would come and receive meat at their hands; and if any would be ferried over the lake, she willingly yielded her back, and performed the office faithfully; yea, she hath carried ten men at once, singing and playing. A Spaniard had once wronged her, by casting a dart at her; and therefore, after that, when she was called, she would plunge down again; otherwise to the Indians she remained officious. She would be as full of play as a monkey, and would wrestle with them; especially she was addicted to one young man, which used to feed her. This proceeded partly from her docile nature, partly being taken young; she was kept up awhile at home, in the king's house, with bread. The river swelling over his banks into the lake, it followed the stream, and was seen no more.—(*Pilgrims*, B. viii., c. 14.)

Mr. Hill gives an account of a Cachalot* hunt in the Bay of Fort Dauphin, Haiti, commenced by a sword-fish, and continued by a swarm of canoes, that would have rejoiced the heart of Long Tom Coffin or Magnus Troil, (p. 351.) but we must pass on, regardless of wild hogs, maroon hog-hunting, and "barbecued pig;" all of which will be read with relish, especially the account of the latter, dressed in the true maroon fashion on a *barbecue* or frame of wicker-work, through whose interstices the culinary steam ascends, and filled with peppers and spices of the highest flavor, wrapped in plain-tain leaves, and then buried in a hole with hot stones, by whose vapor it is baked. Thus no particle of the juice is suffered to evaporate. It seems to have made a proper impression on the discriminating palate of that "jewel of a man," Monk Lewis. "I have eaten," says he, "several other good Jamaica dishes, but none so excellent as this."

Before we enter upon the crocodiles, we must endeavor to answer a question relative to the eggs of another Saurian. Between the middle and end of February a good many little eggs, covered with a white calcareous shell of regularly oval form, and exactly resembling a bird's egg in miniature, were brought to Mr. Gosse. Some were found in old

* *Physeter macrocephalus*.

thatch and other rubbish, some in crevices of boards, slightly concealed. They proved to be the eggs of that very small Gecko, the eyed Palette-tip, (*Sphaeriodactylus argus*), not unfrequently seen in the dwelling-houses and out-buildings of Jamaica. In the gizzard of a White-belly Dove (*Peristera jamaicensis*) was found one of these eggs. The integument, however, was not shelly, but tough and membranous, and of a dirty yellowish hue. A perfectly formed Gecko of this species was taken out of it, and Mr. Gosse inquires whether the action of the gizzard could have dissolved the lime of the shell? To which query we unhesitatingly answer, "Yes."

Even now, it appears, Crocodiles, or, as they are there usually called, Alligators, are sufficiently numerous in some parts of Jamaica. That any true alligators are found in the Antilles, has not as yet, so far as our knowledge extends, been proved; but the crocodile of Jamaica, Martinique, and Haiti is the slender-muzzled species, *Crocodilus acutus*, whilst in Cuba the form is represented by the Lozenge-scaled Crocodile, *Crocodilus rhombifer*.

The notes of Mr. Hill contain some very interesting observations on the habits of these truculent saurians. Mr. Waterton, it will be remembered by his numerous readers, in his second series of essays, contradicts Mr. Swainson's statement, that the Cayman "conveys its food to some hole at the edge of the water, where it is suffered to putrefy before it is devoured," and Mr. Waterton gives as his reason for the rejection of this statement, that "the mouth of this reptile is completely formed for snatch and swallow." Now, we have the greatest confidence in Mr. Waterton's observations on the habits of animals, but we have also the most firm reliance on those of Mr. Swainson, whom we have long known and respected; nor have we ever detected an instance where the remarks of the last-named acute zoologist on such habits failed to prove well-founded. Mr. Hill's experience and observation accord with Mr. Swainson's statement.

Here is a striking *tableau vivant*, by the same hand:—

The verdant marshes of the Estèr in Western Haïti, where I first saw the Cayman, is the feeding ground of numerous cattle. Clumps of acacia and tufts of bamboos festooned with lianas, and embellished with blooming nymphæas floating on the waters, contribute to vary the aspect of these swamps. Egrets and gallinules inhabit them in numbers, and ducks frequent them in vast flocks. Large Caymans are to be seen there floating in the clear stream and prowling in the thickets; yet I saw naked herdsman and fishermen navigating the waters in narrow canoes, from six to nine feet long, and not more than eighteen inches or two feet broad. They had tied their camisettes of blue and pink and white check around their heads like turbans, having only the tanga or waist-cloth round the naked body, that they might wade the waters when necessary. Their singularly wild appearance, in these mere logs of boats, pushed along by poles—the numerous cattle, and the multitudinous birds, with the frequent Alligators, in the midst of which man, bird, and beast were moving about, was altogether one of the strangest wild sights I had ever witnessed.—(Mr. Hill.)

The story of the dogs lapping the water of the Nile without stopping in their run, so that they might baffle the crocodiles, which are said to have a great predilection for dog's flesh—with what truth we shall presently inquire—is familiar to most; and it is curious to find the same legend in

the New World, carried, however, a little further. In the Antilles they hold that the voice of the dog will always draw these reptiles away from an object when prowling, and those who would cross a river without any risk from their attacks, send a scout down stream to imitate a dog's howl, yelp, or bark, which is no sooner heard by the alligators, than away they all swim, animated by the delicious hope of dog, leaving a clear and safe ford for the traveller higher up. Mr. Hill further informs us that instinct has taught the dog to secure himself by a similar expedient, and that when he has to traverse a stretch of water, he boldly goes down the stream howling and barking. On perceiving the crocodiles congregating in eager cupidity to the spot, he creeps gently up the banks and swims over the spot higher up, leaving the expectants to their meditations.

Now this reads rather Munchausenish; but let us consider Mr. Hill's reasons for accepting it as the truth, except as to the *penchant* for "flesh obscene of dog," because, as he truly observes, the well known habit of the reptile (which never eats its food until it has acquired a very high *fumet*) negatives the supposition that it exercises any particular choice. The fishes on which it preys, it probably devours, as he observes, immediately after their capture; but all other victims, as soon as they are slain, are torn and mangled, and are left to putrefy, limb by limb, in the river or in the sedges adjoining its lurking place. What, then, makes the crocodile all ear when it hears the voice of a dog?

Hear Mr. Hill:—

I am disposed to ascribe this susceptibility to be roused at the canine yelp to the similarity of that sound to its own *peculiar cry* under any species of excitement;—to the fact that it is the impassioned voice of its young—to the maternal solicitude of the female for its progeny when it hears that voice—and to the ravenous appetite of the male on the same occasion; for, like many of the rapacious animals, the male of this tribe preys upon its own offspring.*

It is not very clear whether the male parent, after it has sought the attachment of the female, in which its passion is fierce and violent, assists her in the office of disposing the eggs in the earth. It is much more likely, from the necessity of her after watchfulness to guard against his reprisals, that he does not. After burying the eggs in the soil, to be there matured by the sun, the female visits from time to time the place in which they are secreted, and, just as the period of hatching is completed, exhibits her eagerness for her offspring in the anxiety with which she comes and goes, walks around the nest of her hopes, scratches the fractured shell, and, by *sounds which resemble the bark of a dog*, excites the half-extricated young to struggle forth into life. When she has beheld, with this sort of joy, fear, and anxiety, the last of her offspring quit its broken casement, she leads them forth into the plashy pools, away from the river, and among the thick underwood, to avoid the predatory visits of the father. In this season of care and of watchfulness over them, she is ferocious, daring, and morose, guarding with inquietude her young wherever they wander. She turns when they turn, and, by whining and grunting, shows a particular solicitude to keep them in such pools only as are much too shallow for the resort of the full-grown reptile. When I was in Yasica, a river district of that name, as many as forty had been dis-

* Professor Buckland has discovered in the excrementitious fossils of the Plesiosaurus or Fish Lizard evidences of a similar rapacious appetite in those extinct animals. The bones of the young plesiosaurus were found in the petrified dung of the older ones.

covered in one of these secret resorts ; but in half an hour, when the boys who had found them out returned to visit their hiding-place, they saw only the traces of the coming and going of the watchful parent who had led them away to some further and safer retreat. In this period of their helplessness, the mother feeds them with her masticated food, disgorging it out to them as the dog does to its pups. In general it is rarely seen otherwise than crouching with its belly to the earth, and crawling with a curvilinear motion ; but at this time it may be observed firmly standing on its feet. This is the attitude of anger and attack ; and its spring is quick, a sort of agile leap, by no means short in distance. During all this time of protection and dependence, is heard the voice by which the young makes its wants known, and the parent assures its offspring of its superintendence. It is the *yelping bark of the dog*, and the *whining of the puppy*.

From all these facts I take it that when the sound of the dog's bark is heard, the Caymans press to the spot from which it issues, agitated by two several passions—the *females to protect their young*, and the *males to devour them* ; and to this, and not to their predilection for the flesh of dogs, are we to ascribe the eagerness with which they scud away, agitated by that voice which in the one case is the *thrilling cry of danger*, and, in the other, the *exciting announcement of food*.

To this well considered and satisfactory reasoning, founded on a full acquaintance with the habits of the animal, the same enlightened observer adds a confirmation of Humboldt's assertion that the back of the animal is arched when it leaps to attack ; and he relates an occurrence that happened to a Spanish priest on the banks of the Guayabino, as illustrative of the predaceous vehemence and lurking patience of the creature :—

The large savannah rivers in Spanish Haïti flow through wide but gently descending borders, carpeted with grass, and interspersed with thickets and clumps of flowering shrubs and forest trees. The grass has all the clean verdure of a lawn, and the clumps the variety and arrangement of ornamental shrubberies, and the earth is deep and loamy. These are favorite sporting grounds. Beside being verdant and beautiful, they are notoriously the game country. My friend and his companions, who counted some four in number, had divided themselves, trusting to the crack of their fowling-pieces to ascertain each other's whereabouts. When they had finished their day's sport, the descending sun was already struggling through the lengthening shadows on the river. The friends assembled where they had parted in the morning, but the Spanish priest had not yet come in. No one had heard his gun from the time they had separated. They sought him through the darkening thickets, and along the stream, and found him at last, fast seated in a tree, into which he had been obliged to betake himself to escape an alligator that had pursued him by a succession of leaps. It had run in pursuit of him, as he said, jumping rapidly after him, with its back crooked, like a frightened cat. He had sprung to the branches, and gained their security out of the reach of the reptile, who, for a long time after he had got into the tree, crouched in a thicket close by, where it quietly watched and waited his descent from his retreat. I was not aware, until after I had heard this relation, that Humboldt had similarly described the attack of the crocodile when pursuing its victim on land.

When the Thames forgets the critical injunction and does not go between his banks, the worst that happens is, that in the lower part of the adjoining level, gardens and cellars are inundated, to the great

discomfiture of the rats, and boats ply in Wapping streets ; but when the Orinoco inundates the quays of Angostura, Humboldt tells us, and tells us truly, that persons in the streets fall a prey to the *crocodilide* which the over-proud river carries to a civilized dinner. The evidence of their man-eating propensities, whatever may be said of the dogs, is but too strong ; and the great Prussian traveller, who is now blessed with all his intellectual powers at the age of eighty-one, relates that an Indian of Margarita, when he had gone to anchor his canoe in a cove where he had not three feet of water, was seized by the leg and carried off. In vain did the surprised man search for his pocket-knife and drive his fingers into the monster's eyes ; instinct prevailed over reason, the huge reptile retained its hold, plunged to the bottom and drowned him. Familiarity with danger renders men bold, and Humboldt states that the natives, when contending against these monsters, observe their mode of attack and general habits as the torero studies those of the bull. This quiet calculation reminds one of that of Louis the Eleventh, when measuring the furious bursts of the raging Duke of Burgundy at Peronne, and parrying with the hand of a master his blind and brutal onsets.

The Dervise in the Arabian tale had the power of shooting his soul into the body of anything alive, if we are to believe Mr. Spectator, and Mr. Hill seems to have shot his soul into the body of one of these crocodiles. Mark, too, "the lively and pleasurable recollection of the garden with all its crocodilo-sybaritean adjuncts."

In some previous observations set down by me on the Cayman of St. Domingo, identical with our crocodile, I had mentioned that, beside the habit constantly maintained by a young one kept in the garden of the French consul at Cape Haitien, of stuffing its mangled prey into the pond banks till it was putrid, it used to lie for hours together, with nostrils barely elevated above the water, keeping in its mouth junkets of frogs it had killed, without eating them. I now see that this habit was the young Cayman practising the art of drowning living prey. It did not eat what it had in its mouth while within the water, because its structure was as unsuited for feeding as it was for breathing open-mouthed in that element ; and its feeble palatal organization could scarcely do more towards gratifying its taste with the portion of frog it held, than keeping constantly present a sort of sensual consciousness of food. I have a lively and pleasurable recollection of the garden of Consul Barbot, at Cape Haitien. A small plateau at the foot of the Haut du Cap Mountain, filled with clumps of shrubberies and scattered palms festooned and clustered with gayly-colored bind-weeds, shadowed a little basin which collected the current of a spring that ran dashing and sparkling from the rocks. The fountain was always cool, for it was constantly refreshed from the mountain. The sun's rays played within the foliage ; and the Cayman lay on the sunny waters, indulging his solitary passion in dreamy quietness. The nightly dews dripping from the herbage, and the oozy rivulet winding among the shrubs, tempted the frogs at nightfall within his prowl ; for every morning saw the putrid food of the previous day devoured, and fresh carcases mangled and torn and stuffed into the crevices of the pond, and fresh pieces of meat in the Cayman's mouth, to afford him the imaginative enjoyment of holding a struggling victim between his teeth while he quietly rested afloat and killed it.

But when our crocodilian has to do with a live-fish dinner he tickles the victims othergates. The Mosquitian consul, General M'Chrysty, who was,

at the time of the occurrence, a guest at the King's House, not only related the foregoing, among other traits of instinct, to Mr. Hill, but favored him with the following which fell under his observation on the Cape of Nicaragua, and is corroborated by the evidence of other observers:

There he had observed the Caymans throw up into the air fresh-captured fish, which they afterwards caught in their mouth, and then threw up again. This they continued to do several times. This was another way of killing prey. It would be labor in vain to endeavor to drown a fish; the Cayman therefore killed it by keeping it in the air. This incident had been mentioned to me before, but the object of it was not clearly made out. I now see that it was another application of instinct to the one purpose of slaughtering prey. The victim that could not be destroyed by being kept under water was killed by being thrown out of it.

But Mr. Hill has not merely satisfied himself with collecting popular anecdotes as to the habits of these dragons of the waters. His observations on their organization will be welcome to many a physiologist who, if the truth be confessed, will thank him for some new light. Thus, though the operations of the Negro butcher, who cut up the crocodile which fell under his clumsy hands, prevented Mr. Hill from tracing the provision which exists in this reptile for circulating by a trilocular heart pure arterial blood in the anterior parts of the body, and mixed venous and arterial blood in the hinder members, the difference of the two qualities of the blood was very perceptible, *by the absence of all red blood in the hind limbs and tail, and by the presence of brilliant arterial blood in the foreparts and the head.*

Every *habitué* who has watched dear old Lablache in the *Matrimonio Segreto*, must have been struck by the truth of his action when, *with open mouth*, he endeavors to aid his deafness. Our friend the crocodile has recourse to the same expedient.

The orifice of the crocodile's ear is guarded by a plate firmly hinged, forming a movable lid, rising and shutting at the pleasure of the reptile. This is a coincident provision with that for breathing by the nostrils, when all the head save the snout is under water. If the closing of the auricular valve be accordant with the act of shutting up the valvular apparatus of the throat—as it must necessarily be, since both are provisions against the access of water under one and the same submersion—then the lifting of the ear-lid must be simultaneous with the act of relaxing the gular cartilages. This seems to explain a well-known habit of the crocodile in lying out of the water with his mouth open—the opened throat is an accompaniment of the open ear-valve. The crocodile is in the act of listening for an approaching prey. It is similar to that act in ourselves. The lips apart increase distinct hearing—sound producing an aural influence as well internally as externally.

That the ambushed reptile does not always listen in vain is proved by the dreadful incident of which Black River, where crocodiles abound, was the scene:

14th July, 1849.—On the eastern bank of the river, just above the bridge, and right within a quay and jutting cranehouse attached to a long line of stores, a crocodile, some twelve months ago, snatched off from the beach a young girl thirteen or fourteen years of age, who was washing a towel at the river, in company with an elder companion, at nightfall. She had been warned that it was dangerous to stand

at all within the water, after dark, for *Alligators*, as these crocodiles of ours are erroneously called, would be then prowling, and fatal casualties had occurred. Just as the little braggart boasted that she heeded no such danger, a scream for help, and a cry, "Lord, have mercy upon me! Alligator has caught me!" apprized her companion, intent on her own washing, that the girl was carried off. She was instantly snatched under water and drowned. The body was found some days after half-devoured, and two crocodiles, one nine feet long, and the other seventeen, were hunted down, and taken with portions of the flesh undigested within them. The bowels had been eaten away;—the lower limbs torn off; half of one thigh only remaining. The body had been carried away considerably up the stream, and the strange assertion that the manati, a cetaceous inhabitant of the Black River with the crocodile, will remain watching a dead body, if brought within its haunts, was witnessed in the case of this girl, by the body being found under the guardianship of a manati, up at a place called Salt-spring, a tributary of the Black River, where manatis abound.

We cannot leave our readers without relieving them by a slight touch of farce after this tragedy, more especially as it exemplifies the truth of Mr. Waterton's well known feat, on which some not over-well informed sceptics have thrown doubt.

Some time in the spring of '29 or '30, (most probably in March, 1830,) a Cayman from the neighboring Lagoons of Lyson's estate in St. Thomas' in the East, that used occasionally to poach the ducks and ducklings, having free warren about the watermill, was taken in his prowl, and killed. All sorts of suspicion was entertained about the depredator among the ducks, till the crocodile was surprised lounging in one of the ponds after a night's plunder. Downie, the engineer of the plantation, shot at him and wounded him; and though it did not seem that he was much hurt, he was hit with such sensitive effect that he immediately rose out of the pond to regain the morass. It was now that David Brown, an African wainman, came up; and before the reptile could make a dodge to get away, he threw himself astride over his back, snatched up his fore-paws in a moment, and held them doubled up. The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout; and though able to move freely his hind feet, and slap his tail about, he could not budge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a fruitless endeavor to grub himself onward. As he was necessarily confined to move in a circle, he was pretty nearly held to one spot. The African kept his seat. His place across the beast being at the shoulders, he was exposed only to severe jerks as a chance of being thrown off. In this way a huge reptile *eighteen feet long*, for so he measured when killed, was held *manu forti* by one man, till Downie reloaded his fowling-piece, and shot him quietly through the brain.

Very satisfactory to all parties, no doubt, except the bestriden and "quietly" disposed of saurian; but we must not omit Mr. Hill's comment for the benefit of those who, stimulated by this provoking volume, may start for a trip to these tropical islands—we would, if we could get our foot loose—not without a determination on their parts

To witeh the world with noble *caymanship*.

You will perceive that this is precisely the feat performed by Mr. Waterton. He says his Cayman plunged furiously, and lashed the sand with his tail, but that, being near the head, he was out of the reach of the strokes of it, and that his plunging and striking only made his seat uncomfortable. This seemed

really almost all the difficulty in David Brown's horsemanship; but as every plunge with him only drove the crocodile's nose into the ground, whereas Mr. Waterton's Cayman was kept head-up by the people tugging at the hook in his throat, that would make his chivalry a more desperate adventure than David Brown's, for his beast's efforts to get forward only more effectually set him fast where he was.

And now, dear reader, we leave you to the book of which we have only given you a taste; enough, however, we trust, to make you relish the difference between the necrological catalogues of the dusty dryness of museums—though for them we entertain all due respect—and the zoological freshness of Mr. Gosse's scientific but popular descriptions of animated nature in the free and open air.

RISING IN THE WORLD.—You should bear constantly in mind that nine tenths of us are, from the very nature and necessities of the world, born to gain our livelihood by the sweat of the brow. What reason have we, then, to presume that our children are not to do the same? If they be, as now and then one will be, endowed with extraordinary powers of mind, those extraordinary powers of mind may have an opportunity of developing themselves; and, if they never have that opportunity, the harm is not very great to us or to them. Nor does it hence follow that the descendants of laborers are always to be laborers. The path upward is steep and long, to be sure. Industry, care, skill, excellence in the present parent, lay the foundation of a rise, under more favorable circumstances, for the children. The children of these take another rise; and, by and by, the descendants of the present laborer become gentlemen. This is the natural progress. It is by attempting to reach the top at a single leap that so much misery is produced in the world. Society may aid in making the laborers virtuous and happy, by bringing children up to labor with steadiness, with care, and with skill; to show them how to do as many useful things as possible; to do them all in the best manner; to set them an example in industry; sobriety, cleanliness, and neatness; to make all these habitual to them, so that they never shall be liable to fall into the contrary; to let them always see a good living proceeding from labor, and thus to remove from them the temptation to get at the goods of others by violent and fraudulent means, and to keep far from their minds all the inducements to hypocrisy and deceit.—*Cobbett.*

WHERE DOES WOOD COME FROM?—If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of the branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows? The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow-tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain-water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and, to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dirt being blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting access to the earth below it. After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and, on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds, as it now weighed one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree. Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but, in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put in

the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only *two ounces* less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree had gained *one hundred and sixty-four pounds*. Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in this space of time was *not* obtained from the earth: we are therefore compelled to repeat our question, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives; the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are, consequently, unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion, it was derived from the air.

Can it be? Were those great ocean-spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast but solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were these all obtained from the thin air? Were the particles which unite to form our battle-ships, Old England's walls of wood, ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air, but actually as air themselves? Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I tread, and much of the house in which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this was air.—*Life of a Tree.*

VITALITY OF SEEDS.—Professor Henslowe has remarked to the British Association, that during 1850 he had planted several seeds sent to the committee appointed to report on this subject, and out of those he had planted two had grown. They both belonged to the order Leguminosæ, and one was produced from seed seventeen, and the other from seed twenty, years old. On the whole, it appeared that the seeds of Leguminosæ retained their vitality longest. Tournesfort had recorded an instance of beans growing after having been kept a hundred years, and Willdenow had observed a sensitive plant to grow from seed that had been kept sixty years. The instances of plants growing from seeds found in mummies were all erroneous. So also was the case, related by Dr. Lindley, of a raspberry-bush growing from seed found in the inside of a man buried in an ancient barrow. Mr. Babington related a case in which M. Fries, of Upsala, succeeded in growing a species of Hieracium from seeds which had been in his herbarium upwards of fifty years. Desmoulin recorded on instance of the opening of some ancient tombs in which seed was found, and on being planted they produced species of scabiosa and heliotropium. Recently, some seeds from Egypt were sown in Cambridge, which were thought to have germinated; but on examining them they were covered with a pitchy substance, which had evidently been applied subsequent to their germination, and thus they had preserved the appearance of growth through a long period of time. Dr. Cleghorn stated that after the burning or clearing of a forest in India, invariably there sprang up a new set of plants which were not known in the spot before.

ONE is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy one; thus the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope will lighten every trouble.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

Account of the Observations which have revealed to us the Physical Constitution of the Sun, and that of different Stars: Examination of the Conjectures of the Ancient Philosophers; and of the Positive Data of Modern Astronomers, concerning the Place in which the Sun should be considered among the vast number of Stars with which the Firmament is strewn. By M. ARAGO.*

ABOUT the middle of last July, astronomers from the principal observatories of Europe repaired to Norway, Sweden, Germany, and Russia, locating themselves in those towns where the eclipse of the sun on the 28th of that month would be total. They expected that this phenomenon, studied with powerful instruments, would lead to satisfactory explanations of different appearances observed in previous eclipses, and upon which no one had ventured definitely to give an opinion. What! may exclaim some fretful individuals, who are little acquainted, I suspect, with the history of Astronomy; what! does the science regarded the most perfect still supply problems for resolution; and even concerning the luminary around which all the planets revolve? Is it true, that, in many respects, we are not more advanced than were the philosophers of ancient Greece?

It has been conceived that these questions should be taken into serious consideration. And I have undertaken to prepare the response, not forgetting how uninteresting it may prove, and that details now become elementary will come prominently into view; but I trust that your indulgence will not be withheld from him who is fulfilling a duty.

A general glance at the works of ancient philosophers and modern observers, will prove at once that if the sun has been studied for two thousand years the prospect has often changed, and that during this period the science has made immense advances.

Anaxagoras maintained that the sun was scarcely larger than the Peloponnesus.

Eudoxius, who was so much esteemed among the ancients, assigned to the sun a diameter nine times greater than that of the moon. This was a great advance, when compared with the statement of Anaxagoras. But the number given by the philosopher of Gnidus is still immensely short of the truth.

Cleomedes, who wrote in the reign of Augustus, says that his contemporaries the Epicureans, trusting to appearances, held that the real diameter of the sun did not exceed a foot.

Let us compare these arbitrary calculations with the conclusion deducible from the works of modern astronomers, executed with the most minute care, and with the assistance of instruments of extreme delicacy. The diameter of the sun is 883,000 miles; widely different, as every one will perceive, from that stated by the Epicureans.

Supposing the sun to be spherical, its volume is 1,400,000 times that of the earth. Such enormous numbers not being often used in common parlance, and not conveying an exact idea of the magnitude they imply, I shall here employ an illustration which will enable us better to appreciate the immensity of the sun's volume. Imagining, for a moment, that the centre of the sun corresponded to that of the earth, its surface would not only

reach the sphere in which the moon revolves, but it would extend almost as far again.

These results, so extraordinary in their immensity, have the certainty of the elementary principles of geometry on which they are based.

My subject being so extensive, I shall not in detail institute a comparison between the results—truly absurd from their insignificance—at which the ancients had arrived regarding the distance between the sun and the earth, and those which modern observations have deduced. I shall even limit myself to remark that it is demonstrated—and I use this positive term advisedly—that it is demonstrated, since the transit of Venus in 1769, that the mean distance from the sun to the earth is 95 millions of miles, and that between summer and winter the sun removes itself from us more than three millions of miles. Such is the distance of the immense globe whose physical constitution modern astronomers have succeeded in determining. We find nothing in the works of ancient philosophers on this subject, which merits a moment's consideration.

Their disputes as to whether the sun is a pure or impure, an extinguishable or unextinguishable fire, not being supported by any observation, left in profound obscurity the problem which the moderns have tried to solve.

The progress which has been achieved in this inquiry, dates from 1611. At this epoch little removed from that of the invention of the telescope, Fabricius, a Dutch astronomer, saw black spots distinctly exhibited on the eastern margin of the sun, which moved gradually towards the centre, passed it, reached the western margin, and then disappeared for a certain number of days.

From these observations, frequently since repeated, this conclusion may be deduced, that the sun is a spherical body, endowed with a rotatory motion, whose duration is equal to twenty-five and a half days.

These black spots are irregular and variable, but well-defined towards their circumference; they are sometimes of considerable dimensions, some having been seen five times the size of the earth; they are generally surrounded with a radiance perceptibly less luminous than the rest of the orb, and which has been named *penumbra*. This penumbra, first noticed by Galileo, and carefully observed by his astronomical successors in all the changes which it undergoes, has led to a supposition, concerning the physical constitution of the sun, which at first must appear altogether astonishing.

According to this view the orb would be regarded as a dark body, surrounded at a certain distance by an atmosphere which might be compared to that enveloping the earth when composed of a continuous bed of opaque and reflecting clouds. To this first atmosphere would succeed a second, luminous in itself, and which has been called *photosphere*. This photosphere, more or less removed from the interior cloudy atmosphere, would determine by its circumference the visible limits of the orb. According to this hypothesis, spots upon the sun would appear as often as there were found in the two concentric atmospheres corresponding vacant portions, which would permit us to see exposed the dark central body.

Those who have studied these phenomena with powerful instruments, professional astronomers, and competent judges, acknowledge that the hypothesis of which I have just spoken, concerning the physical constitution of the sun, supplies a

* Read at the Annual Public Meeting of the Five Academies of the French Institute, 25th October, 1851.

very satisfactory account of the facts. Nevertheless, it is not generally adopted; recent authoritative works describe the spots as scoriae floating on the liquid surface of the orb, and issuing from solar volcanoes, of which terrestrial volcanoes are but a feeble type.

It was desirable, then, to determine, by direct observation, the nature of the incandescent matter of the sun.

But when we consider that a distance of 95 millions of miles separates us from this orb, and that the only means of communication with its visible surface are luminous rays emanating therefrom, even to propose this problem seems an act of unjustifiable temerity.

The recent progress in the science of optics has, however, furnished the means for completely solving the problem. My readers will pardon some necessary details which will render its solution evident.

None are now ignorant that natural philosophers have succeeded in distinguishing two kinds of light, viz., natural and polarized. A ray of the former of these lights exhibits, on all points of its surface, the same properties; whilst, with regard to the polarized light, the properties exhibited on the different sides of its rays are different. These discrepancies manifest themselves in a multitude of phenomena which need not here be noticed.

Before going further, let us remark that there is something wonderful in the experiments which have led natural philosophers legitimately to talk of the different sides of a ray of light. The word "wonderful," which I have just used, will certainly appear natural to those who are aware that millions of millions of these rays can simultaneously pass through the eye of a needle without interfering the one with the other.

Polarized light has enabled astronomers to augment the means of investigation by the aid of some curious instruments, from which great benefit has accrued already—amongst others, the polarizing telescope, or polariscope, merits attention.

In looking directly at the sun with one of these telescopes, two white images of the same intensity and the same shade will be seen. Let us suppose the reflected image of this orb to be seen in water or in a glass mirror. In the act of reflection the rays become polarized, the lens no longer presenting two white and similar images; on the contrary, they are tinged with brilliant colors, their shape having experienced no alteration. If the one be red, the other will be green; if the former be yellow, the latter will present a violet shade, and so on; the two colors always being what are called complementary, or susceptible, by their mixture, of forming white. By whatever means this polarized light has been produced, the colors will display themselves in the two images of the polarizing telescope, as when the rays have been reflected by water or by glass.

The polarizing telescope, then, furnished a very simple means of distinguishing *natural* from polarizing light.

It has been long believed that light emanating from incandescent bodies reaches the eye in the state of natural light, when it has not been partially reflected, nor strongly refracted, in its passage.

The exactitude of this proposition failed, however, in certain points. A member of the Academy has succeeded in discovering that the light emanating under a sufficiently small angle, from the sur-

face of a solid or liquid incandescent body, even when unpolished, presents evident marks of polarization; so that in passing through the polarizing telescope it is decomposed into two colored pencils.

The light emanating from an inflamed gaseous substance, such as that which now-a-days illuminates our streets and our shops, on the contrary, is always in its natural state, whatever may have been its angle of emission.

The means used to decide whether the substance which renders the sun visible is solid, liquid, or gaseous, will be nothing more than a very simple application of the foregoing observations, in spite of the difficulties which appeared to flow from the immense distance of the orb.

The rays which indicate the margin of the disc have evidently issued from the incandescent surface under a very small angle. The question here occurs: The margins of the two images, which the polarizing telescope furnishes, do they, when viewed directly, appear colored? then, the light of these margins proceeds from a liquid body; for any theory which would make the exterior of the sun a solid body is definitively removed by the observation of the rapid changing of the form of the spots. Have the margins maintained their natural whiteness in the glass? then they are necessarily gaseous.*

Observations made any day of the year, looking directly at the sun, with the aid of powerful polarizing telescopes, exhibit no trace of colorization. The inflamed substance, then, which defines the circumference of the sun, is gaseous. We can generalize this conclusion, since, through the agency of rotation, the different points of the surface of the sun come in succession to form the circumference.

This experiment removes out of the domain of simple hypothesis the theory we have previously indicated concerning the constitution of the solar photosphere. We assuredly find, neither in the arbitrary conceptions which are the results of the

* The incandescent bodies which have been studied by a polariscope, the light being emitted under different angles, are the following:—Of solids, forged iron and platinum; of liquids, fused iron and glass. From these experiments, it may be said, you have a right to affirm that the sun is neither fused iron nor glass; but what authority have you further to generalize? My response is this: Following the two explanations which have been given of the abnormal polarization which presents rays emitted under acute angles, all ought to be the same, with the exception of the quantity, whatever be the liquid, provided that the surface of emergence has a sensible reflecting power. There would remain only the case in which the incandescent body would, as to its destiny, be analogous to a gas; as, for example, the liquid of an almost ideal rarity, which many geometers have been led to place hypothetically at the extreme limit of our atmosphere, where the phenomena of polarization and of colorization may perhaps disappear. I am not ignorant that I should add a value to the experiment reported in the text by discussing it in a photometrical point of view. I possess the materials for such an examination, but this is not the place for pursuing it.

I shall, however, anticipate a difficulty which may suggest itself. It ought to be observed, that the lights proceeding from two liquid substances, may, according to the special nature of these substances, not be identical in reference to the number and the position of the black bands of Fraunhofer, and which their prismatic hues offer to the eye of the philosopher.

These discrepancies are of a nature to be considerably augmented by the differently-constituted atmospheres through which the rays have to travel before reaching the observer.—(This note was not read at the public meeting of the 25th of October.)

brilliant imagination of the ancient philosophers of Greece, nor in the extant works of the most celebrated astronomers of the Alexandrian school, anything which, even by a forced assimilation, can be compared to the results which I have just advanced. These results, let it be loudly proclaimed, are entirely due to the united efforts of the observers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and also in a certain measure to those of our contemporary astronomers.

And here let me make a remark, which, when endeavoring to determine the physical constitution of the stars, we shall have occasion to apply.

If the material of the solar photosphere were liquid, if the rays emitted from its margin were polarized, the two images furnished by the polarizing telescope would not only be colored, but they would be different in the different parts of the circumference. Is the highest point of one of these images red, the point diametrically opposite will be red also. But the two extremities of the horizontal diameter will each exhibit a green tint, and so on. If, then, one succeeds in concentrating to a single point the rays emitted from all parts of the sun's limb, even after their decomposition in the polarizing telescope, the mixture will be white.

The constitution of the sun, as I have just established it, may equally well serve to explain how, on the surface of the orb, there exist some spots not black but luminous. These have been called *facule*. Galileo was the first to observe them. The others, of much smaller dimensions, and generally round, were discovered by Scheiner, and by him named *lucule*. These latter cause the surface of the sun to appear spotted.

It is a singular fact; but I might trace the origin of the discovery of one of the principal causes of the *facule* and *lucule* to an administrative visit to a shop of novelties situated on our boulevards.

"I have to complain," said the master of the establishment, "of the Gas Company; it ought to direct on my goods the broad side of the bat-wing burner, whilst, by the carelessness of their servants, it is often the edge which is directed on them." "Are you certain," said one of the assistants, "that in that position the flame gives less light than in the other?" The idea appearing ill-founded, and, I would even say, absurd, it was submitted to accurate experiment; and it was determined that a flame shed upon any object as much light when it illuminates by its edge as when its broad surface was presented to it.

Thence resulted the conclusion, that a gaseous incandescent surface of a determined extent is more luminous when seen obliquely than under the perpendicular incidence. Consequently, if, like our atmosphere, when dappled with clouds, the solar surface presents undulations, the parts of these undulations which are presented perpendicularly to the observer must appear comparatively dim, and the inclined portions must appear more brilliant; and hence every conic cavity must appear a *lucule*. It is no longer necessary, in accounting for these appearances, to suppose that there exist on the sun millions of fires more incandescent than the rest of the disc, or millions of points distinguishing themselves from the neighboring regions by a greater accumulation of luminous matter.

After having proved that the sun is composed of a dark central body, of a cloudy-reflecting atmosphere, and of a photosphere, we should naturally ask if there is nothing besides; if the photosphere

terminates abruptly and without being surrounded by a gaseous atmosphere less luminous in itself, or feebly reflecting? Generally, this third atmosphere would disappear in the ocean of light with which the sun always appears surrounded, and which proceeds from the reflection of its own rays upon the particles of which the terrestrial atmosphere is composed.

A means of removing this doubt presented itself; it was selecting the moment wherein, during a total eclipse, the moon completely obscures the sun.

Almost at the moment when the last rays, emanating from the margin of the radiant orb, disappeared under the opaque screen formed by the moon, our atmosphere, in the region which is projected between the moon, the earth, and the neighboring parts, ceased to be illuminated.

Every one now knows what was the principal object of the astronomers, who, in 1842, repaired to the south of France, to Italy, to Germany, and to Russia, where the eclipse of the sun of the 8th of July would be total.

In all our researches, innumerable unexpected appearances invariably present themselves: thus the observers were not a little surprised when, after disappearance of the last direct rays of the sun behind the margin of the moon, and after the light reflected by the surrounding terrestrial atmosphere had also disappeared, to see rose-shaped prominences from two to three minutes in height, dart, as it were, from the circumference of our satellite.

Each astronomer, following the usual bent of his own ideas, arrived at an independent opinion regarding the cause of these appearances. Some attributed them to the mountains of the moon; but this hypothesis would not bear a moment's examination. Others wished to discover in them certain effects of diffraction or of refraction. But the touchstone of all theories is calculation; and uncertainty the most indefinite must follow, in reference to their application to the remarkable phenomena specified, those, namely, of which we have just been speaking. Explanations giving neither an exact account of the height, the form, the color, nor the fixity of a phenomenon, ought to have no place in science.

Let us come to the idea, much extolled for a short time, that the protuberances of 1842 were solar mountains, whose summits extended beyond the photosphere covered by the moon at the moment of observation.

Following the most moderate computations, the elevation above the solar disc of one of these summits would have been 19,000 leagues. I am well aware that no argument, because based on the vastness of this height, should lead to the rejection of the hypothesis. But it may be much shaken by remarking, that these pretended mountains exhibit considerable portions beyond the perpendicular, which, consequently, in virtue of the solar attraction, must have fallen down.

Let us take a rapid glance of a fourth hypothesis according to which the protuberances would be assimilated to solar clouds floating in a gaseous atmosphere.

Here we find no principle of natural philosophy to prevent our admitting the existence of cloudy masses from 70,000 to 90,000 miles in length, with their outline serrated, and assuming the most distorted forms. Only, in further pursuing this hy-

pothesis, one could not fail to be astonished that no solar cloud had ever been seen entirely separated from the circumference of the moon.

It is towards this determination, the subject otherwise eluding us, that the researches of astronomers should be directed.

A mountain being incapable of sustaining itself without a base, the fortuitous observation of a prominence, separated in appearance from the margin of the moon, and, consequently, from the real margin of the solar photosphere, should be sufficient utterly to overthrow the hypothesis of solar mountains.

But let it be distinctly remarked, that it is not with astronomical researches as with those of chemists and mechanical philosophers; these latter can, at will, vary the conditions under which they operate, and which may change the nature of the results. But astronomers exercise no influence over the phenomena which they study; they are obliged to wait sometimes for centuries until the celestial bodies present themselves in a favorable position for the resolution of a difficulty.

On this occasion, however, the doubts raised by the observations of 1842 have already, in the course of last year, been subjected to a new experimental examination. An eclipse of the sun was announced to occur on the 8th of August, 1850, which was to be total in the Sandwich Islands.

The captain of the ship Bonnard, commanding our station of Otaheite, entertained the happy thought of sending M. Kutscki, superintendent of roads and bridges, to Honolulu, in the island of Taheite, the capital of the Sandwich Archipelago.

The account which we have received from this skilful observer contains the following sentence: "The slender and reddish striated appearance which was found near the northern prominence seemed to be completely detached from the margin of the moon."

Still later, in the eclipse of 28th July, 1851, Messrs. Mauvais and Goujon, of Dantzic, and the celebrated foreign astronomers who had repaired to different parts of Norway, Sweden, and the north of Germany, saw, in all the selected stations without exception, a spot uniformly red and separated from the limb of the moon.

The observation of M. Kutscki, and the corresponding observations of 1851, put a definite termination to the explanations of the protuberances, founded on the supposition that there existed in the sun mountains whose summits would reach considerably above the photosphere.

When it shall have been clearly demonstrated that these luminous phenomena cannot be the effect of the inflexions which the solar rays might experience in passing near the rough parts which fringe the circumference of the moon; when it shall have been demonstrated that these rosy tints cannot be assimilated to simple optical appearances, and have, in truth, a real existence, that they are not real solar clouds, it will then be necessary to add a new atmosphere to the two of which we have just spoken; for these clouds cannot be sustained *in vacuo*.*

* That these clouds may be sustained *in vacuo*, it is necessary that the centrifugal force resulting from their circular movement shall incessantly equal the gravitation which would cause them to fall towards the sun. One would need to transform them into real planets, revolving with extreme rapidity around the sun. Such, in substance, is the explanation of the prominences of 1842,

Every one now knows the uncertainty which still remains upon one point, truly remarkable, concerning the physical constitution of the sun. When we think that the phenomena which might decide all doubts are habitually invisible, that they can only be seen during total eclipses of the sun, which total eclipses are of rare occurrence, so much so, that since the invention of telescopes the astronomers of Europe and America have scarcely had an opportunity satisfactorily to observe six; no one will be astonished that in the middle of the nineteenth century the question raised by the mysterious red flames, upon which so much has been said, still remains to be investigated.

After these explanations, the length of which I must beg you to excuse, we shall indicate, in a few words, by what series of measurements and deductions, science has succeeded in fixing the true place of the sun in the totality of the universe.

Archelaus, who lived in the year 448 B. C., was the last philosopher of the Ionian sect; he said, regarding the sun,—"It is a star, only it surpasses in size all the other stars." The conjecture, for what is not based upon any measurement, or any observation, deserves no other name, was certainly very bold and very beautiful. Let us pass over an interval of more than two thousand years, and we shall find the relation of the sun and the stars established, by the labors of the moderns, upon a basis which defies all criticism.

During nearly a century and a half, astronomers endeavored to determine the distance between the stars and the earth; the repeated failures with which their researches were attended, seemed to prove that the problem was insolvable. But what obstacles will not genius, united to perseverance, overcome! We have discovered within a very few years the distance which separates us from the nearest stars. This distance is about 206,000 times the distance of the sun from the earth, more than 206,000 times ninety-five millions of miles. The product of 206,000 by ninety-five millions, would be too much above the numbers we are in the habit of considering, to warrant its annunciation.

This product will still more strike the imagination, when I refer to the rapidity with which light travels. Alpha, in the constellation of the Centaur, is the star nearest the earth, if it be allowable to apply the word near to such distances as those of which I am about to speak.

The light of Alpha, of the Centaur, takes more than three years to reach us, so that were the star

which M. Babinet has given at the meeting of the Academy of Sciences on the 16th of February, 1846.

The reader will perceive, in the memoir of the learned academician, the ingenious considerations upon which this theory is based, and how analogous it is to the cosmogonic system of Laplace. I think, now that the phenomenon has been minutely observed, that M. Babinet will find more than one difficulty in reconciling the immense velocity which he is compelled to attribute to the matter of the prominences, with the relative immobility of those which have been observed in 1851, and the change of height which they have presented. These difficulties will no longer exist when the spots are assimilated to clouds floating in a solar atmosphere, endowed with a slight rotatory movement.

I would, moreover, remark, that the existence of this third atmosphere is established by phenomena quite of another nature, namely, by the comparative intensity of the border and the centre of the sun, and also in some respects by zodiacal light, so perceptible in our climate during the equinoxes. But the question, considered from this point of view, requires details from which I am forced to abstain.

annihilated, we should still see it for three years after its destruction. Recall to your recollection that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second; that the day is composed of 86,400 seconds, and the year of three hundred and sixty-five days, and you will feel as thunderstruck before the immensity of these numbers. Furnished with these data, let us transport the sun to the place of this, the nearest star, and the vast circular disc, which in the morning so majestically rises above the horizon, and in the evening occupies a considerable time in descending entirely below the same line, would have dimensions almost imperceptible, even with the aid of the most powerful telescopes, and its brilliancy would range among the stars of the third magnitude. You thus perceive what has become of the conjecture of Archelaus.

One may perhaps feel humiliated by a result which reduces so far our position in the material world; but consider that man has succeeded in extracting everything from his own resources, whereby he is elevated to the highest rank in the world of thought. Astronomical examinations, then, might almost excuse, on our part, some little vanity.

But I must not follow modern astronomers in their immortal peregrination through the multitude of suns which shine in the firmament.

We must first, then, see, to determine, with the help of their instruments, the relative position of these stars, cataloguing a hundred thousand of them; we know that Ptolemy the elder was astonished that Hipparchus had tried to observe 1022, and compared it to the work of a god.

We would remark, that, in recent works of complete astral catalogues, we shall find that the number of stars visible to the naked eye in a single hemisphere, namely, the northern, is under three thousand. A certain result, and one which, notwithstanding, will strike with astonishment, on account of its smallness, those who have only vaguely examined the sky on a beautiful winter night.

The character of this astonishment will change, if we proceed to the telescopic stars. Carrying the enumeration to stars of the fourteenth magnitude, the last that are seen by our most powerful telescopes, we shall find, by an estimate which will furnish us the minor limit, a number superior to forty millions (forty millions of suns!), and the distance from the furthest among them is such, that the light would take from three to four thousand years to traverse it.

We are, then, fully authorized to say, that the luminous rays—these rapid couriers—bring us, if I may so express it, the very ancient history of these distant worlds.

A photometric experiment, of which the first indications exist in the Cosmotheoros of Huygens, an experiment resumed by Wollaston a short time before his death, teaches us that 20,000 millions of stars the same size as Sirius, the most brilliant of the firmament, would need to be agglomerated to shed upon our globe a light equal to that of the sun.

Guided by the penetrating genius of William Herschel, we shall examine the stars which nearly touch each other; and this great astronomer will prove to us, that these stars, which are in some way coupled together, do not appear near each other solely by the effect of perspective, but that they are in a state of mutual dependence, and circulate round their common centre of gravity in a short time, which, in certain cases, has been already determined.

In observing that these double stars are of very dissimilar colors, our thoughts naturally turned to the inhabitants of the obscure and revolving planetary bodies which apparently circulate round these suns; and we would remark, not without real anxiety for the works, the paintings, of the artists of these distant worlds, that to a day lightened by a red light, succeeds not a night but a day equally brilliant, but illuminated only by a green light.

The comparison of the positions of the stars determined at different epochs, proves that they have very erroneously been called *fixed*; that they move in space in different ways, so that in the long-run the present form of the constellations will be completely changed; that the absolute speed of these stars is unequal, but that it has been ascertained, with regard to one of them, with complete certainty, that it moves twenty leagues per second; that the sun, in this respect resembling all the other stars, is not immovable, and draws after it the train of planets with which it is surrounded.

We must be struck with the inequality of the distribution of the stars in the celestial sphere. There, we see more than 20,000 of them in a superficial space equal to the tenth part of the apparent surface of the moon; here, in a space of the same extent, not a single luminous speck will be perceptible, even with the best telescopes.

After having carefully glanced over the luminous matter scattered over such immense spaces, and which by its agglomeration, continued during centuries, seems to have produced new stars, we would discuss the vast idea of Wright, Kant, Lambert, and William Herschel, upon the constitution and dimensions of the Milky Way. In short, some additional steps in astronomical conjecture, that is to say, in that branch of science founded only on imposing probabilities and natural generalizations, will unveil phenomena, which, by their nature, or the immensity of the numbers which measure them, will throw the most firm minds into a sort of vertigo.

But abandoning these speculations, however worthy they may be of admiration, we shall come back to the chief question which I have proposed to treat in this account—to try, if possible, to establish a connection between the physical nature of the sun and of the stars.

We have succeeded, by the help of the polarizing telescope, to determine the nature of the substance which composes the solar photosphere, because by reason of the great apparent diameter of the orb we have been able to observe separately the different points of its circumference. If the sun were removed from us to a distance where its diameter would appear as small to us as that of the stars, this method would be inapplicable. The colored rays proceeding from the different points of the circumference would then be intimately mixed, and we have said already that their mixture would be white.

It appears, then, that we must not apply to stars of imperceptible dimensions the process which so satisfactorily conducted us to the result in regard to the sun. There are, however, some of these stars which supply us with the means of investigation. I allude to the changing stars.

Astronomers have remarked some stars whose brilliancy varies considerably; there are even some which, in a very few hours, pass from the second to the fourth magnitude; and there are others amongst which the changes in intensity are much more decided. These stars, quite visible at cer-

tain epochs, totally disappear to reappear in periods longer or shorter, and subject to slight irregularities.

Two explanations of these curious phenomena present themselves to the mind; the one consists in supposing that the star is not equally luminous on all parts of its surface, and that it experiences a rotatory movement upon itself; thus it is brilliant when the luminous part is turned towards us, and dark when the obscure portion arrives at the same position.

According to the other hypothesis, an opaque, and, in itself, non-luminous satellite, circulates round the star and eclipses it periodically.

In accordance with one or other of these suppositions, the light which is exhibited sometime before the disappearance or before the re-appearance of the star has not issued from all the points of the circumference. Hence, there can be no doubt of the complete neutralization of the tints of which we have just spoken.

If a changing star, when examined by a polarizing telescope, remains perfectly white in all its phases, we may rest assured that its light emanates from a substance similar to our clouds, or our inflamed gas. Now, such is the result of the few observations that have hitherto been made, and which it will be highly useful to complete. This means of investigation demands more care, but succeeds equally well, when applied to those stars which experience only a partial variation in their brilliancy.

The conclusion to which these observations conduct us, and which we may, I think, without scruple generalize, may be announced in these terms: Our sun is a star, and its physical constitution is identical with that of the millions of stars with which the firmament is strewed.

I have thus endeavored, according to the plan which was previously assigned me, to give a sketch of all that we now know relative to the volume, the distance, and the physical constitution of the immense globe whence we derive our light. This sketch, in its circumscribed limits, will suffice to deceive those who thought it a duty to call in question the importance and the certainty of the results obtained by modern observers.

If candid, they will recognize, that, in the history of the progress of our knowledge—a progress undoubtedly indefinite—the labors of the astronomers of the nineteenth century will not pass unnoticed.

As to critics, who have not been inspired by a love of truth, they do not merit a moment's attention from this assembly; and as for myself, I cannot but despise them.

From Kidd's Journal.

THE STEPMOTHER.

WELL, I will try and love her, then,
But do not ask me yet;
You know my *own* dear, dead mamma
I never must forget!

Don't you remember, dear papa,
The night before she died
You carried me into her room?
How bitterly I cried!

Her thin white fingers on my head
So earnestly she laid,
And her sunk eyes gleamed fearfully,
I felt almost afraid.

You lifted me upon the bed,
To kiss her pale cold cheek;
And something rattled in her throat,
I scarce could hear her speak:—

But she did whisper—"When I'm gone
Forever from your sight,
And others have forgotten me,
Don't you forget me quite!"

And often in my dreams I feel
Her hand upon my head,
And see her sunken eyes as plain
As if she were not dead.

I hear her feeble, well-known voice,
Amidst the silent night,
Repeat her dying words again—
"Don't you forget me quite!"

It sometimes wakes me, and I think
I'll run into her room;
And then I weep to recollect
She's sleeping in the tomb.

I miss her in our garden walks;—
At morn and evening prayer;
At church—at play—at home—abroad—
I miss her everywhere;—

But most of all I miss her when
The pleasant daylight's fled,
And strangers draw the curtains round
My lonely little bed!—

For no one comes to kiss me now,
Nor bid poor Anne—"Good night!"
Nor hear me say my pretty hymn;
I shall forget it quite!

They tell me *this* mamma is rich,
And beautiful, and fine;
But will she love you, dear papa,
More tenderly than mine?

And will she, when the fever comes,
With its bewildering pain,
Watch night by night your restless couch,
Till you are well again?

When first she sung your fav'rite song,
"Come to the Sunset Tree,"
Which my poor mother used to sing,
With me upon her knee—

I saw you turn your head away;
I saw your eyes were wet;
'Midst all our glittering company,
You do not quite forget!

But must you never wear again
The ring poor mother gave?
Will it be long before the grass
Is green upon her grave?—

He turned him from that gentle child,
His eyes with tears were dim;
At thought of the undying love
Her mother bore to him!

He met his gay, his beauteous bride,
With spirits low and weak;
And missed the kind, consoling words
The dead was wont to speak.

Long years rolled on; but hope's gay flowers
Blossomed for him in vain;
The freshness of life's morning hours
Never returned again!

From the Times, 7th April.

LORD HOLLAND AND HIS "DOMESTIC" REMINISCENCES.*

EVERYBODY has heard the story of Coleridge's philosopher, who at dinner excited the poet's profoundest veneration until, unfortunately, when the dumplings came up, he opened his lips and ejaculated in ecstasy, "Them's the jockeys for me!" If Henry Richard Lord Holland had been suffered by his successors to hold his peace, there is no saying how long the deceased nobleman might have enjoyed among men his more than average and respectable reputation. No man's silence has ever gained greater credit for eloquence, and no eloquence has ever fallen so dull and so insipid on the public ear. There is compensation in all things. Half smothered in the good opinion of his contemporaries, Lord Holland is stripped stark naked by his own son. It is an unnatural and an unauthorized exposure. Men before now have prayed in spite that their enemies might write a book. It has been reserved for the ill-advised shade of Lord Holland to exclaim, "Oh that my child should publish one!"

Last year we pronounced severely upon the volume of *Foreign Reminiscences* which had Lord Holland's name upon the title-page. It was impossible to do otherwise. The book was a disgrace to all parties concerned in the publication. It was a farrago of scandal, indecent tattle, and malicious anecdote. It professed to give a true and faithful account of the state of Europe during the youth of the writer, and it accomplished no more than a worn-out *roué* might hope to achieve with his mind bent upon picking up every waif and stray of gossip lying in his path. It undertook to enlighten the minds of Englishmen upon the continental politics of a former day, and it actually misled their judgment upon almost every important event and prominent character of the time. We are bound to state that the "domestic" reminiscences are wholly free from the impure taint of the other work; but as an historical record it is in no degree more worthy of trust. In truth, we do too much honor to the trifle to class it among historical compositions at all. It lacks the depth and breadth of history, and to the general reader is absolutely valueless as a manual of the period of which it treats. It presupposes perfect familiarity with the events and leading personages of the last generation but one, and it deals with politics as with a family story, in which the writer's relative is invariably the leading hero. We receive no permanent impressions from the slight, straggling, and clumsily drawn sketches of Lord Holland's pencil. No lofty principles are established in his narrative, no great and universal truths are vindicated in his reasoning. The petty intrigues of my Lord A., and the forgotten counterplots of the Duke of B., are the delight of his genius, and constitute the staple of his discourse.

Were these memoirs, however, written with the fulness and grandeur of a Gibbon and with more than the detail and brilliancy of a Macaulay, and did they treat of matters with which the public are pining to be made acquainted, there would still remain one blemish in the very heart of them, fatal to their influence and success. An amusing, but a not very serviceable bias pervades them, which we

will do the writer the justice to assert he gives himself no trouble whatever to conceal. Lord Holland, as the universe knows, and will be informed again and again until the last posthumous work of Lord Holland has been delivered from the press, is the nephew of Charles James Fox! Upon that rock the writer takes his stand and builds his edifice. "My uncle Fox" has all the force to Lord Holland's mind that "my late father the beadle" had to the intoxicated soul of poor John Reeve in the play. "My uncle Fox, whose transcendent genius was admired even by enemies, and whose frank and generous nature gained all who approached him, was the leader of opposition during my minority." "My uncle Fox" took pleasure in awakening Lord Holland's ambition, in spoiling him by indulgence, and in convincing him of the heaven-born purity of whig principles. When Lord Holland went on his travels "my uncle Fox" followed him with his correspondence. When his lordship returned to England "my uncle Fox" was delighted to have the "young one" at his side. Amiable relations these, and delightful to contemplate, but perilous enough in their consequences, as we find. It is absolutely impossible to trust a historian who at starting is committed to the worship of an individual—that individual being, moreover, his own father's brother—who thinks and judges of all men and of all things solely as they affect the character and position of the idol he adores—who hates as Fox hated, who admires as Fox admired, and whose reason from first to last is enchained by an affection manifestly as potent as any that ever betrayed a fanatic to the ultimate expression of his raving folly.

Now, great men lived not only before Agamemnon, but also during the reign of that well known potentate. Few will deny the prowess of Fox, but everybody must admit the equally cogent claims of men who sometimes opposed the whig chief when such opposition, without entailing popular applause, secured a better recompense in maintaining the integrity of the empire and the true liberties of the people. Perfection, it is agreed, is denied to humanity; it was certainly not accorded by Providence especially to Charles James Fox; yet Lord Holland proceeds to his historical labors with the sublime conviction that unadulterated virtue was never seen on earth till it became conspicuous in "my uncle's" person. A precious guide this to conduct inquiring posterity through the mists of time and the mire of controversy to the sacred altar of unimpassioned Truth.

The qualifications of Lord Holland for the historical chair disappear as we attempt to investigate them. If truth must be told, he has not one. We do not speak of literary pretensions, which in Lord Holland are of the very poorest; we refer to the qualities in virtue of which all writers of history deserving the name presume to instruct the public mind upon the men and deeds of former times. We can excuse a slipshod style, but we cannot pardon gross and unblushing partiality; we can overlook bad grammar, but not an evil *animus*; we can allow the bias from which no living man can by any effort disentangle himself, be he poet or historian, be his genius dull as earth or bright as heaven; but we cannot admit libellous innuendoes uttered for the sake of carrying a point or of upholding a creed. Lord Holland is a first-rate whig but a most indifferent judge, as any judge must be who seeks to be judge, jury, advocate, and witness all in one. Fox himself is not half such

* *Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time.* By Henry Richard Lord Holland. Edited by his son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. Vol. I. Longmans. 1852

a Foxite as his nephew, who carries out his uncle's views to preposterous conclusions. Small will be the reliance of the public upon the intelligent and lynx-eyed historian who sees distinctly the mote of Orangeism but not the beam of Romish bigotry—who discerns all vice in torism, all virtue in whiggism—who can behold nothing but heroism in a French invasion of our shores, little but brutality in "an incompetent and disorderly rabble" enlisted for the purposes of national defence, and who reasons gravely upon the axiom that "the gentry and clergy *always* foster the narrow-minded maxims of past times."

The eccentric but highly gifted Lord Stanhope more than once complimented Lord Holland by telling him in a whisper that he was much more mischievous than people imagined. It is consolatory to reflect that Lord Holland's writings render him much less mischievous than he desires to be. There is scarcely a page of his memoirs which does not betray the unhealthy temper in which it is written, and the ignoble object which at all times seems to be nearest his heart. The poison and the antidote are invariably side by side, for injustice is never attempted but the work is overdone. In the very first page of the volume before us, after due homage is paid, as a matter of course, to the "transcendent" genius of "my uncle," the most barefaced attempt is made to disparage the fair fame of Edmund Burke, whose genius, equally of course, for he differed with Charles James Fox, is anything but "transcendent." There is no reason in the world why any parallel whatever should be set up between men so different as Burke and Fox, but, if a comparison is to be instituted, Englishmen will have no difficulty in arriving quickly at a proper judgment. The extraordinary ability of Fox in debate, his love of liberty, his eloquent appeals on behalf of human suffering, his Demosthenian style, his ardent and enthusiastic temperament, his simple and affectionate manner, which won the idolatry of his followers, have been recorded by his contemporaries, and are still feelingly remembered, though nearly half a century has elapsed since they were all buried in the tomb. But it is also not forgotten that allied with great power there was lamentable weakness; that high virtues suffered fatal alloy from their admixture with the poorest vices; that love of pleasure was even stronger than patriotic ambition; that desultory habits were the plague and curse of enthusiastic intention; that physical indolence forbade the highest intellectual achievements; and that human infirmity bordering upon slavishness denied even an approach to moral excellence.

The faults of Burke command the sympathies of mankind, but do not excite its pity or extort its reproach. His intellectual prowess is the admiration of the world. Since Bacon quitted life England had not possessed so marvellous a son. Philosophy dwelt in his soul and raised him to the dignity of a prophet. Gorgeous eloquence was his natural inheritance, practical wisdom his chief accomplishment, while all the intellectual graces were his hourly companions. Politics, when he dealt with them, assumed a grandeur which they had never known before, for he raised them above the exigencies of his own fleeting day, to apply them to the instruction and the wants of future ages. It has been justly remarked that the contemporaries of Burke, great and illustrious men, bravely fought and nobly conquered, but they were content with the victory of the hour. Burke, too,

achieved his conquest for the day, but did not rest satisfied until he had won from the conflict wisdom, intelligence, and lofty principle for all time to come. Fox was the creation of his age. Burke is not the statesman of a period or place, but the enduring teacher of the universal family—the abiding light of the civilized world. When Fox spoke, says Chateaubriand, it was in vain that the stranger tried to resist the impression made upon him. "He turned aside and wept." We read the speeches of Fox at this not very distant day, and marvel at their declared effect, for our tears do not flow from the perusal, *our* blood is not warmed by the syllables. Still more are we astonished to learn that the pregnant and singularly profound language of Burke fell too frequently upon stony ears, and that the rising of the orator was often a signal for the flight of his audience. Yet the double wonderment is easy of explanation. That which will render Shakspeare familiar to our hearths, while a hearth can be kindled in England, will also secure the immortality of Edmund Burke. There was nothing local, nothing temporary, nothing circumscribed, in his magnificent utterance. His appeals were not to the prejudices of his contemporaries or to the ever-changing sentiments of the time. He marched with a sublime movement ever in advance of the multitude. Every generation can point to its popular chief, and there are few epochs which do not boast of their Fox. In what political age shall we look for a statesman in all respects so illustrious as Burke?

It cannot be permitted to Lord Holland to slur over the preëminent merits of such a man. "Mr. Burke's intemperate view of the French revolution," he writes, "is well known."

Till the ecclesiastical revenues were suppressed Burke was far from disapproving the French Revolution. . . . Mr. Fox has more than once assured me that in his invectives against Mr. Hastings' indignities to the Indian priesthood he spoke of the piety of the Hindoos with admiration, and of their holy religion and sacred functions with an awe bordering on devotion. The seizure of the property of the clergy in France might then excite alarm in breasts less predisposed to sensibility on such subjects. . . . He was, too, a supporter of aristocracy in the favorable sense of that word. But from intimacy with some of the most amiable members of it, and from the long habit of defending them, he had grown somewhat superstitiously attached to the shape which it has assumed in our constitution; and from temper he had learnt to pay an absurd degree of reverence to those appendages, or rather abuses, for which the general benefits of the system may offer some atonement, but which nothing but prejudice or adulation can seriously regard as beauties in the system itself.

A more ungenerous and unwarrantable series of charges was never urged. It is *not* true that "till the ecclesiastical revenues were suppressed Burke was far from disapproving the French revolution." It is false that a superstitious attachment to the aristocracy mainly roused his passionate indignation against its destroyers in France. From the very first moment of his entrance into public life until he finally quitted it, an adherence to established order and a love of political tranquillity were marked characteristics of all his proceedings. When, as an adherent of the whigs, Burke was most impressive and resolute upon the subject of American grievances, and when, in truth, he owed all his popularity to his defence of American resistance, nothing could be clearer than the broad line which

he took pains to draw between the righteous struggle for liberty and the unlawful battle for unconstitutional gains. In his earliest speech upon electoral reform he asserts that, "it is the interest of government that reformation should be early; but it is also the interest of the people that it should be temperate, for hot reformations are contrary to the whole course of human nature and human institutions." A quarter of a century before the revolution burst forth, in the *Thoughts of the Cause of the Present Discontents*, Burke announced that he was "no friend to aristocracy in the sense in which that word is usually understood;" and that if the constitution must perish he "should rather by far see it resolved into any other form than lost in that austere and insolent domination." Yet, while the lover of liberty could thus afford to write, he was the loudest to vindicate in his place in Parliament the maintenance of institutions assailed by hands intent only upon destruction. It was years before the outbreak in France, and in the capacity of a liberal, that Burke declared, that "to preserve liberty inviolate was the particular duty and proper trust of a member of the House of Commons." But that his meaning might be interpreted aright he took care to add that, "the liberty, the only liberty he meant was a liberty connected with order, that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them; which inheres in good and steady government, as in its vital principle." The attempt to fix upon Burke an inordinate leaning to arbitrary authority is absurd on the very face of it. No man ever suspected Burke of base or personal motives in his prosecution of Warren Hastings. That prosecution, as far at least as this one man was concerned, was dictated by the highest sense of duty, even if mistaken. The great and glaring fault of Hastings in the eyes of his most eloquent accuser was, that he had dared to assume unto himself that very arbitrary power which my Lord Holland charges Burke with admiring and countenancing, but which Burke himself declares "every man is bound to resist to the best of his power wherever it shall show its face in the world, since nothing but absolute impotence can justify men in not resisting it to the utmost of their ability." Lord Holland has not eyes to distinguish between moderation and despotism, and he would have his readers slander a great man's memory because of his own self-inflicted blindness. We cannot respond to the summons.

"You hope, sir," wrote Burke to a member of the National Assembly, in October, 1789, two months after the storming of the Bastille—

You hope, sir, that I think the French deserving of liberty. I certainly do. I think all men who desire it deserve it. It is not the reward of our merit or the acquisition of our industry. It is our inheritance, the birthright of our species. We cannot forfeit our right to it but by what forfeits our rights to the privileges of our kind. I mean the abuse or oblivion of our rational faculties, and a ferocious indocility which makes us prompt to wrong and violence, destroys our social nature, and transforms us into something little better than wild beasts.

It was not until Frenchmen did abuse their rational faculties, did become the victims of a ferocious indocility prompting them to wrong and violence, were bereft of their social nature, and were transformed into something little better than wild beasts, that Burke shrunk back in horror from the hellish vision of the revolution, and refused to take part

with any in England bold enough to approve of it. The suppression of the ecclesiastical revenues had nothing to do with the indignant affright with which Burke contemplated "the despotism of a plundering, ferocious, bloody, tyrannical democracy—democracy without a single virtue of republicanism to redeem its crimes." Lord Holland might have learnt the fact from his uncle, who heard Burke's noble panegyric of the revolution of 1688 uttered the very morning before the orator mourned that liberty had been scared from the soil of France, and with it all his sympathy for the butchers who had chased her thence.

"Burke's *ill-humor*," writes Lord Holland, "broke out on the first mention of the French revolution in the House of Commons by Sheridan. It was stifled, but not extinguished, by the temper and moderation of Mr. Fox." If our recollection serves us well, "the temper and moderation" of Mr. Fox exhibited themselves in an eloquent eulogium of the revolt of the French guards, which called down upon the speaker's head the sternest rebuke of the House of Commons. Certain we are that the "ill-humor" of Burke referred to was contained in as noble an harangue as ever found utterance in Parliament or general approval in the country. Pitt would not suffer his differences with Burke to prevent the expression of his gratitude and reverence to the man who could so feel and speak, but rose to assure the orator of the enduring acclamations of posterity.

It is singular that Lord Holland, who defines so closely the exact period when Mr. Burke first disapproved of the French revolution, should omit altogether to state that Fox himself lived to repent the extreme views he had held in favor of the French anarchists, and to confess his adherence to the policy advocated from first to last by Mr. Burke. It is the prevailing weakness, however, of this writer to exaggerate and misrepresent all the opinions of his opponents, and to shut his ears to all the inconvenient sentiments of his friends. When Fox became foreign secretary he admitted again and again that his opinions upon the propriety of the war had undergone an entire alteration; and a very few months before his death he frankly confessed that "he had been weaned" from the views he once held with respect to the military force "which might suffice in England in time of peace." Fox died believing in the righteousness of the war that England had undertaken in defence of the liberties of the world. At his last hour, we say, he paid homage to the policy which Burke had advocated with a philosophical consistency throughout his life. Lord Holland, it is true, mourned to his dying day the victories gained by his native country over the despotism that threatened to enslave mankind; but his own suicidal admiration of his country's enemies ought at least to have stopped short of slandering Edmund Burke and of misrepresenting his uncle.

"Mischievous as Burke's conduct was," continues this trustworthy chronicler, "*I acquit him of dishonesty!*" Gracious condescension! Lord Holland acquits of dishonesty the man upon whose integrity the breath of suspicion had never before been turned! Imagine some future writer of political memoirs charging Sir Robert Peel with tergiversation, but manfully restraining himself from accusing him of forgery or petty larceny. But if the great man was not absolutely dishonest, he had, after all, a sneaking infirmity that way; for "he had, indeed, little of that noble pride or dignified affectation which disdains to read all the fruits in

private advantage to which public opinions and connections might help or services entitle." This means that Burke, after a long life of matchless public service, and of equally unparalleled neglect on the part of the ruling families, accepted in the decline of life a pension from the king in testimony of his good deeds. Another nobleman, as we are told, was also quite shocked with the royal consideration. The Duke of Bedford, who, as well as all his ancestors, had grown fat on regal bounty, could not regard the waste of public funds without a blush. Yet Burke tried hard to reconcile his grace to the grant, for he reminded him that the crown had only considered poor Edmund Burke after long service, while it had paid the Duke of Bedford in advance. His grace, cruelly added Burke, "has had a long credit for any service which he may perform hereafter."

Surely it behoved Lord Holland to remember that the highest office that could be found for Burke in the government, of which he was by far the most distinguished member, had been that of paymaster-general; that of the perquisites of his office Burke surrendered to his country no less than 20,000*l.*; that further great saving had been effected by his measures of economy; and that he found himself not enriched at the close of his illustrious parliamentary career. Why is no mention made of these things by the English nobleman who sneers at the rewards vouchsafed by royal liberality to the transcendent merit which whig lords were so very slow to appreciate? If Burke exhibited want of "noble pride" and "dignified affectation," in accepting the grant offered by his king for services rendered to his country, did Fox present a worthier figure in humbly receiving alms conferred upon him by public subscription—alms rendered necessary to relieve the recipient from the yoke of disgraceful debt, and collected in order to save him from the just consequences of his reckless dissipation? Burke, we are told, "would have done better for his fame had he accepted no pension." We cannot see the force of the assertion. Fox would certainly have not injured his reputation had he accepted no eleemosynary help. Yet Lord Holland does not make that remark.

It is to be regretted that our limits forbid our following this noble author through the length and breadth of his volume. But we have given a taste of his quality. The system is the same throughout. The writer has a morbid dislike of authority, whether at home or abroad, and an almost passionate regard for disorderly spirits, especially when arrayed against the interests of his native land. There is no trusting Lord Holland. In truth, he cannot trust himself. His amiable affection for his uncle made him an ultra-Foxite, and he cannot, if he would, look upon the world with the impartial spirit of an independent man. If he has to speak of the siege of Toulon, he will evoke your ridicule and indignation against the conduct of the allies; but in his absorbing admiration of Napoleon, he will quite forget to make mention of the atrocious brutality of the French soldiery, who let loose the passions of hell upon the unhappy Toulonese. If he has to refer to Louis XVI., it is only to justify his murder; but if he must speak of his butchers, it is simply to mitigate the enormity of their many and great offences. The muse of Walter Scott is spoken of simply to be upbraided for her importunity, and the piety of a clergyman at the deathbed of Fox is mentioned for the sake of mocking the religious services rendered on such extreme occasions. Fortu-

nately the temper of Lord Holland's mind appears too palpably upon his pages to do much harm. If it were less evident, the careless style and slender material of his writings would be fatal to the unfavorable effect all his volumes are clearly intended to produce.

From the Morning Chronicle.

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.*

ONE of the effects of the revived study of the works of the middle ages has been the attention bestowed on their hymnology. Within the last ten years five different collections of ancient hymns have issued from the English press alone; while on the Continent the names of Daniel, Wolf of Vienna, Rambach, Edelestand du Meril, and others, are honorably distinguished in the same branch of literature. And if no further benefit had resulted from these researches, thus much we should at least have gained in a literary point of view—the appreciation, namely, of the wonderful force, elegance, precision, and originality of that mediæval language which used to be stigmatized as dog-Latin. Its poets had—certainly not the rules of Horace or Ovid, though, when they chose, they evinced a very tolerable acquaintance with those also—but a system and a science of their own. Its elaborate character may be learnt from the mediæval art of poetry, the *Labyrinthus* of Eberhard; its plastic beauty, its majesty, its mastery over and transfiguration of the old Latin, are now tolerably known to all scholars. It was this which, in obedience to what has been called a craving of human nature after the rhythmic and periodic, introduced rhyme—it was this which enabled the great poets of the middle ages to mould their stanzas with such exquisite art and variety—to satisfy the ear with their admirably disposed and long drawn cadences, and to conduct them through every inflexion of melody till they are deepened, and concentrated, and, as it were clenched, in the close.

This mastery over language appears to some extent in the hymns of those ages; but, in a far higher degree, on account of their greater length and liberty, in the *sequences*—i. e., the poetical compositions sung between the Epistle and Gospel in the liturgy. In modern times Dr. Daniel, of Halle, is the only scholar who has published a collection of these; it forms the second volume of the "*Hymnologia Sacra*," and is edited in a very learned and satisfactory manner. Mr. Trench, in his "*Sacred Latin Poetry*," has selected a few of the best, and his annotations display his well-known elegance and patristic research. In the volume now before us Mr. Neale tells us that it has been his endeavor to avoid reprinting those poems which have been already given by Daniel; finding that, after the harvest reaped by the German scholar, there was a sufficient aftercrop to encourage others in the same task. His collection of sequences is taken from about twenty ancient missals, many of them of the extremest rarity; some of them from the libraries of Holland and Germany, some from our own, and some contributed by the kindness of friends. Among the list we observe that of Drontheim, "for the whole kingdom of Norway." In a short introductory essay the editor traces the history of sequences from the time of S. Notkerus (the author

* *Sequentiæ ex Missalibus Germanicis, Gallicis, Anglicis, aliisque mediævi Collectæ. Recensuit Joannes M. Neale, A. M. Londini: J. W. Parker.*

of the celebrated "In the midst of life we are in death") to their almost total abolition by Rome in the sixteenth century. He specifies their two classes—the one regularly rhythmical and with rhymes double or single; the other syllabic, and bound by rules which, in their complicate character and arbitrary requirements, closely resemble the laws of a Greek chorus. The present is, we believe, the first attempt to explain these laws, if we except a slight sketch by Wolf, of the Imperial-Royal Library at Vienna.

One of the most valuable parts of these poems is the insight which they afford into the rich mythology (we use the word in a good sense) of the middle ages. The allegorization of Holy Scripture, in which mediæval imagination ran riot; the treasury of types it discovered in animals, in plants, and, above all, in precious stones, all find a place here; and, whatever be their value in another point of view, as a contribution to the history of mind during five or six centuries they are necessarily important.

The most celebrated writer of sequences, and undoubtedly the greatest poet of the middle ages, was Adam of Saint Victor, who died towards the close of the twelfth century. He has been called the mediæval Schiller. It were much truer to say that he was the mediæval Calderon. Mr. Trench characterizes him with his usual felicity. "His greatest admirers," says he, "will hardly deny that he pushes too far, and plays too much with his skill in the typical explanation of the Old Testament. So, too, they must own that sometimes he is unable with perfect success to fuse his manifold learned allusions into the passion of his poetry. Nor less must it be allowed that he is sometimes guilty of *conceits*, or play upon words not altogether worthy of the solemnity of his theme. Sometimes he is too fond of displaying feats of skill in versification, of prodigally accumulating or curiously interlacing his rhymes, that he may show his perfect mastery of the forms which he is using, and how little he is confined or trammelled by them. These faults, it will be seen, are most of them only merits carried to excess. And his profound acquaintance with the whole circle of theology of his time, the exquisite art and variety with which his verse is managed and his rhymes disposed, the strength which he often concentrates into a single line, his skill in conducting a narration, and, most of all, the evident nearness of the things he celebrates to his own heart of hearts—all these, and other excellences, render him, as far as my judgment goes, the foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the middle ages."

Several of the compositions of Adam had been edited by Dr. Daniel; the rest are given in the present volume by Mr. Neale. We will quote a specimen, which, however, is not in the more usual manner of the author (p. 226):—

The Church on earth, with answering love
Repeats the Church's joys above;
And while her annual feasts she keeps,
For feasts that never end she weeps.

In this world's valley, dim and wild,
The mother must assist the child;
And angel guards, in meet array,
Keep watch and ward around our way.

The world, the flesh, and spirits ill,
Array their wars against us still;
And when their phantom-hosts move on,
The sabbath of the heart is gone,

And storms confused above us lower,
Of hope and fear, and joy and woe,
And scarcely even for one half hour
Is silence in God's house below.

That distant city, oh how blest,
Whose festival no foes infest!
How glad some is that royal court,
Where care and fear have no resort!

Nor languor here, nor weary age,
Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage;
But one the voice, and one the song,
And one the heart of all the throng.

The graceful ease with which his narrative poems commence is scarcely transferable into English. We will attempt a specimen—that on the Festival of St. Catherine:—

Loud and true our full-voiced chorus
Raise to God the strain sonorous,
Who disposeth all things right;
Now that weakness mighty growth,
And a maiden overthroweth
Warriors, aided by His might.

And with Alexandria's sages,
Woman, not as woman, wages
War against each idol shrine:
Heathen lore from Christian flying
Patience triumphed over dying
In immortal Catherine.

We will venture on the translation of a sequence on that favorite mediæval subject, the Massacre of the Theban Legion, which Mr. Neale found in a manuscript at Wolfenbüttel. We must premise that the massacre of that legion is said to have taken place on the 22d of September. A very elegant allusion to the time of year is made in the first stanza. The way in which the names of the officers are introduced, if it must be characterized as a conceit, is at least as pretty as ingenious—

As the circling year rolls on
O'er our northern region,
Comes the day that gave the crown
To the Theban Legion.
Equinoctial was that day,
As the world believed it;
Everlasting was its ray,
As that band received it.
They had day that knew no end,
Chiefs of ancient story,
That the sun illumined not,
But diviner glory;
Day of calm serenity,
By no twilight followed—
Day when age was changed to youth,
Death in victory swallowed.
Then, Mauritius played the man,
Name and race disclaiming;
Then too, Niger, candid soul,
This world's title shaming;
Exuperius o'er his foes
There superior standeth;
Victor, vanquished though by death,
With the victors bandeth;
Innocentius meekly fell,
Innocence defending;
And Vitalis for his meed
Hath the life unending.
Six the chiefs that led the war,
Thousands six they guided:
For the truth they stood in fight,
Careless what betided:

Through their necks endured the sword,
As their foes endeavored,
From their Head—their Head and ours—
Could they not be severed.—P. 188.

One feature which is every now and then to be traced in these poems, briefly, it is true, and hurriedly, but not the less truly, is that passion for nature which is a distinctive mark of Christian, as opposed to classical, art. The following lines on the Nightingale, by St. Fulbert of Chartres, scarcely read as of the eleventh century. It has been truly said that in some of the lines, as in that

Gloriosa valdo facta veris pro lætitiâ,

we have no weak preludes of that rapturous enthusiasm and inspiration, which at a later day have given us such immortal odes as Shelley's to the Skylark:—

When the earth, with spring returning, vests herself
in fresher sheen,
And the glades and leafy thickets are arrayed in living
green:
When a sweeter fragrance breatheth flowery fields and
vales along,
Then, triumphant in her gladness, Philomel begins
her song:
And with thick delicious warble far and wide her notes
she flings,
Telling of the happy spring tide and the joys that
summer brings.
In the pauses of men's slumber deep and full she pours
her voice,
In the labor of his travel bids the wayfarer rejoice.
Night and day, from bush and greenwood, sweeter
than an earthly lyre,
She, unwearied songstress, carols, distancing the
feathered choir,
Fills the hillside, fills the valley, bids the groves and
thickets ring,
Made indeed exceeding glorious through the joyousness
of spring.
None could teach such heavenly music, none implant
such tuneful skill,
Save the King of realms celestial, who doth all things
as He will.

We have said enough to show that the mediæval poems in question have a considerable claim, in a literary point of view, on the attention of educated men. That they illustrate in a yet more satisfactory manner the history of the Church is a consideration into which we shall not now enter. The volume before us contains 124, of very different degrees of merit, as might naturally be expected. They are illustrated with notes where explanation seemed necessary, and the most important various readings of different missals are also added.

From the Times.

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANAC.*

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the last and the best of the old school of broad caricaturists, again makes his appearance in full force, and with flying colors. His especial arena, the "Comic Almanac," has been once more prepared for him with all possible care; and he rides all his hobbies this year with even more than his usual vigor.

* The Comic Almanac and Diary for 1852. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and H. G. Hine. David Bogue

His large colored plate is a ludicrous composition upon the subject of Bloomerism. George Cruikshank has, we think, treated this topic more legitimately than any of the caricaturists of the day. They, generally speaking, have not been content to deal with the novelty of costume, but insist upon seeing, in a large pair of drawers, a development of a vulgar old proverb, and handle Bloomerism as a demonstration on the part of the ladies, that they intend to wear those masculine garments without which, the song profoundly demands, "What is man!" Now, we do not see the justice—even the jocular justice—of this. We may have our own opinion about the dress—may think it very unfit for a promenade in Pall-mall, and very fit indeed for a scramble up the Pyramid of Gizeh—but we cannot recognize in it any Declaration of Independence on the part of the ladies, any expression of a resolution on the part of its advocates that buttons shall be unsewn, puddings unsweetened, and babies left to Mr. Elam and his mystic apparatus for nutrition. On the contrary, so far from proposing to change places with us, the Bloomerists (except some few foolish spouters) claim as among the chief merits of the new garb, that it will enable them more easily to run up and downstairs with our children, walk out with us without the necessity of throwing away our arms at every puddle that they may hold up their dresses, and generally permit them to discharge their functions of ministering angels with greater ease and comfort. George Cruikshank has met the Bloomerists on their own ground; and, having placed the costume in all its varieties and in the eccentricities into which it is sure to deviate, upon womankind of all sizes, shapes, and weights, leaves it to tell its own story, and carry its own warning. This is fair enough, and capably Cruikshank has worked out the theme. The plate, one of the most spirited he has executed for some years, represents a scene in the park, with Bloomerism in full blow. There are nearly forty figures, each characteristic. A tremendous old lady in spectacles, followed by the prominent features of a gorgeous footman—that is to say, the point of the cocked hat and the gold-headed cane—enters solemnly on the left. Two Jew children, with dark hair, strong noses, and splay feet, come next; and then one of the most enormous specimens of female creation, in trousers to which those of any Dutchman who ever grunted could be but child's vesture. The lady, who is handsome—that is, in a good motherly, oysterly style of beauty—has the tiniest of feet and parasols, and is bestowing an ample smile upon a gigantic Highlander. His flagrant absurdity of costume is capably contrasted with hers, and excites the question, why naked, hairy, knotty legs should be more tolerated in civilized society than Turkish trousers? A series of wonderful "Guys" follow; some thin as eels, others plump as porpoises, and interspersed with children, whose inconceivable hats (larger than the celebrated one by which Nell Gwynne defeated her rival) and extensively developed "head's antipodes," are capital. On the right we have a couple of young ladies seated on a bench, one at crochet, the other reading, and both dressed in the uncaricatured Bloomer garb, of which, as there shown, the worst that can be said—and can anything worse be said of a lady's costume!—is, that it is singularly ungraceful. The background is full of equestrians, of various degrees of oddity. The colors of the engraving are cleverly thrown

in; and, taken altogether, this cut is well worthy of George Cruikshank. The smaller engravings are, generally speaking, excellent. In one, the Uran Utans (the pedantry which alters Jaffier into "Giaffir," and Saladin into "Sal ah Deene," has thus dealt with the Ourang-Outangs of our youth) have turned the tables on man, and, having caught a specimen of the genus "Homo," are exhibiting him in their zoological gardens. The hairy crowd (which in feature and manners does not look very unlike an Irish mob) examines the specimen with wonder and pity. The idea was worked out something more fully in one of Isaac Taylor's capital nursery books, some five and twenty years ago, wherein the dandy, the pugilist, the alderman, and other monstrosities were pictured as caged in an Otaheitan Exeter 'Change. In another of these cuts the Peace Society is caricatured. A regiment, though it has not exactly beaten its swords into ploughshares and its spears into pruning-hooks, is charging upon a harvest field; the bayonet is doing the work of the pitchfork, and the British flag waves triumphantly over a wagon of captured sheaves. The drawing in this scene is very clever, the grim actions and attitudes of war being preserved, while the results are all peaceful. The knaveries of the houses that advertise furniture at prices which make decent workmanship impossible, are mercilessly shown up in a domestic scene, where everything is coming to pieces; and we have also a glimpse at the "golden age" which has come again (with Lynch as *Astraea redux*) in California. The Water Companies, and John Bull bewildered by their rival struggles, are not forgotten, and there is a clever fling at the government plan, which is represented as the only water-engine of the number that will not work at all. And one of Cruikshank's best cuts shows M. Jullien making his triumphant *entrée* upon a wonderful musical horse, escorted by a musical army. The *maestro* is capably bit off, and the crowd of attendant figures, every one characteristic, is most artistically managed. Above waves the standard, "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité, Fiddle-de-dee*." With this admirable bit Mr. Cruikshank's contributions to the year's Almanac terminate, and we may dismiss them in congratulating him upon his having again put forth all his wonted spirit and vigor, and evinced all his power of grasping the humorous features of a subject, social or political.

The almanac in question has been produced under the editorial superintendence of Mr. Angus Reach, and its literary contents have been supplied by that gentleman and by Mr. Shirley Brooks. The writers have prudently recollected that the almanac is, *ex-officio*, a work designed for a somewhat longer life than a weekly or monthly periodical, and therefore, while treating the various subjects with satire and humor, they have avoided, generally speaking, that extreme tenuity of *badinage* which excites a smile once, but which no one ever thinks of glancing at a second time.

We must not omit to mention that the *Comic Almanac* is plentifully sprinkled with small cuts by Mr. Hine, in which extreme neatness is combined with great humor. There is a "heading cut" of the Sphinx, with her tongue in her cheek, which is exceedingly good. Mr. Hine has contrived to see the Sphinx in a new light. His little black profile cuts are worthy of the Parisian books of comicality, where infinitesimal illustration is certainly carried to perfection.

ESKIMOS, THEIR GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION.

THE Eskimos are essentially a littoral people, and inhabit nearly five thousand miles of sea-board, from the Straits of Belleisle to the Peninsula of Alaska; not taking into the measurement the various indentations of the coast-line, nor including West and East Greenland, in which latter locality they make their nearest approach to the western coasts of the Old World. Throughout the great linear range here indicated, there is no material change in their language, nor any variation beyond what would be esteemed in England a mere provincialism. Albert, who was born on the East Main, or western shores of James' Bay, had no great difficulty in understanding and making himself understood by the Eskimos of the estuary of the Mackenzie, though by the nearest coast-line the distance between the two localities is at least two thousand five hundred miles. Traces of their encampments have been discovered as far north in the New World as Europeans have hitherto penetrated; and their capability of inhabiting these hyperborean regions is essentially owing to their consuming blubber for food and fuel, and their invention of the use of ice and snow as building materials. Though they employ drift-timber when it is available, they can do without it, and can supply its place in the formation of their weapons, sledges, and boat-frames, wholly by the teeth and bones of whales, morses, and other sea-animals. The habit of associating in numbers for the chase of the whale has sown among them the elements of civilization; and such of them as have been taken into the company's service at the fur-posts fall readily into the ways of their white associates, and are more industrious, handy, and intelligent, than the Indians. The few interpreters of the natives that I have been acquainted with, (four in all,) were strictly honest, and adhered rigidly to the truth; and I have every reason to believe that within their own community the rights of property are held in great respect, even the hunting-grounds of families being kept sacred. Yet their covetousness of the property of strangers, and their dexterity in thieving, are remarkable, and they seem to have most of the vices, as well as the virtues, of the Norwegian Vikings. Their personal bravery is conspicuous, and they are the only native nation on the North American continent who oppose their enemies face to face in open fight. Instead of flying, like the northern Indians, on the sight of a stranger, they did not scruple, in parties of two or three, to come off to our boats and enter into barter, and never on any occasion showed the least disposition to yield anything belonging to them through fear.—*Sir John Richardson.*

ORIGIN OF THE ESKIMOS.—The origin of the Eskimos has been much discussed, as being the pivot on which the inquiry into the original peopling of America has been made to turn. The question has been fairly and ably stated by Dr. Latham in his recent work "On the Varieties of Man," to which I must refer the reader; and I shall merely remark, that the Eskimos differ more in physical aspect from their nearest neighbors than the red races do from one another. Their lineaments have a decided resemblance to the Tartar or Chinese countenance. On the other hand, their language is admitted by philologists to be similar to the other North American tongues in its grammatical structure; so that, as Dr. Latham has forcibly stated, the dissociation of the Eskimos from the neighboring nations, on account of their physical dissimilarity, is met by an argument for their mutual affinity, deduced from philological coincidences.—*Sir John Richardson.*

From *Tait's Magazine*.

EDGAR POE.

BETWEEN the physical and mental and moral faculties of men, there are, of course, many differences; but there is one which is peculiarly worthy the attention of those who insist that the latter spring from, or are connected structurally with, the former. It is, that while health and disease, strength and weakness, are incompatible, as separate existences, in the human *physique*, it is by no means uncommon to find moral beauty and moral degradation, mental weakness and mental strength, coexisting independently and in high development in one person. Every man tolerably acquainted with himself is aware of this truth, to a certain extent, as far as morals are involved; and a very imperfect acquaintance with literary humanity would assure him that not only do vast discrepancies exist between intellect and morality, though perfect union seems to be the natural condition of healthy existence, but that equally strange discrepancies exist between common sense and intellect, or genius. The transcendent, the almost superlative inspirations of Goldsmith have descended to us accompanied by testimony to the effect that they were the inspirations of an idiot, who was also a solemn coxcomb. There was doubtless some foundation for such opinions, and Goldsmith is not unique in this particular; but it is satisfactory to the admirers of the "Vicar of Wakefield" to know that the aberrations of its author were not of that character which so frequently astonish us in men of genius, where want of decency, in open addiction to degrading vices and meannesses, is the most prominent evidence of want of sense.

A forcible instance of such incongruity, but immeasurably more prominent from the greatness of the genius that was obscured and crippled than from the vicious weakness that was suffered to obtain mastery, has lately been bruited into the ears of the world in the history of Hartley Coleridge; a lamentable history—the history of an April day; but which, most justly, has met with little condemnation and very great pity. For his weakness was one which, at any rate, was not exercised at the expense of others, and was, of all other weaknesses, the most likely to beset a man of such a temperament. Full of dreamy and poetical intoxication at all times, born of all the fantasies and mysteries that rapt the "old man eloquent," Hartley Coleridge was, perhaps of all living men, the most liable to attack from his peculiar foe. The same excuse, on similar grounds, but less justly, may be made for some others of strong imagination who have fallen into intemperate habits; but by far the most frequent and most exaggerated instances of mental and moral degradation in men of acknowledged genius or talent will not allow of so plausible an interpretation.

A little shilling book, the first of a new series of such,* recalls to our remembrance a sad example—if, indeed, it is not the most sad and the most remarkable in all the range of literary biography. Edgar Poe, an American celebrity, is not altogether unknown in England, nor is the present the first occasion on which any of his productions have been laid before the English public; but he is sufficiently unknown, and his life and writings

sufficiently eccentric, to render interesting a sketch of the former and a brief estimate of the latter.

Poe was born in the United States, in the year 1811. His father was a lawyer, but finally adopted the profession of his wife, who was an actress.* Dying early in life, they left behind them three children in utter destitution. Edgar, the eldest, was then six years old, and is stated to have been a child of remarkable beauty and precocious wit. A Mr. John Allan, a merchant, adopted the boy, who accompanied him to England in 1816, and who, after visiting the more interesting portions of the country, was sent to a school near London. Remaining here four or five years, he returned to the United States, and entered the University of Charleville, where the career of his dissipation commenced. The manners prevailing at the university at that time, says the Rev. R. Griswold, were extremely dissolute; and Poe "was known as the wildest and most reckless of his class. But the remarkable ease with which he mastered the most difficult studies kept him all the while in the first rank of scholarship; and he would have graduated with the highest honors had not his gambling, intemperance and other vices induced his expulsion from the university." At this time, though below the middle height and slenderly formed, he was noted for feats of hardihood, strength and activity; and, on one occasion, in a hot day, he swam seven miles and a half against a tide that was running probably at from two to three miles an hour.

While at the university, his allowance of money had been liberal, but he quitted the place very much in debt; and when Mr. Allan refused to pay some of the drafts with which he had paid his losses in gaming, he wrote him an abusive letter, quitted his house, and soon after left the country, with the intention of joining the Greeks in their struggle with the Moslem. He never reached his destination; and we next hear of him at St. Petersburg, where, shortly after his arrival, the American minister in that capital was summoned one morning to save him from the penalties of a drunken debauch. Through the ambassador's intervention, he was set at liberty and enabled to return to the United States. Here Mr. Allan again proffered his aid; and, upon Poe's expressing some desire to enter the Military Academy, obtained his appointment to a scholarship in that institution. For a few weeks the cadet applied himself assiduously to his studies, and he became at once a favorite with the officers and the professors; but his habits of dissipation speedily reappeared. Duties were neglected, orders disobeyed, and in ten months from his matriculation he was cashiered. Mr. Allan, ever disposed to be his friend, again received him into his family; "but," says Mr. Griswold, "it soon became necessary that he should close his doors against him forever. According to Poe's own statement, he ridiculed the second marriage of his patron with a Miss Paterson, a lady some years his junior, with whom he stated he had a quarrel; but a different story, scarcely suited for repetition here, which, if true, throws a dark shade upon the quarrel and a very ugly light upon Poe's character, was told by the friends of the other party." From this time Mr. Allan refused to see

* Readable Books. Vol. I. Tales of Mystery, Imagination and Humor. By Edgar A. Poe. London; Vizetelly.

* The facts here related of the life, &c., of Poe, are condensed from a memoir by the Rev. R. Griswold, prefixed to a late edition of his works, and reprinted at length in the present little volume.

or assist him; and, dying in 1834, bequeathed not a single dollar to Poe.

Enough has been quoted to indicate the character of Edgar Allan Poe; but let us now rapidly trace it in connection with his literary career. Soon after he left the Military Academy, Poe published a small volume of poetry; and the result was to confirm him in a belief that he might succeed in the profession of letters, to which he forthwith applied himself. His contributions to the journals, however, attracted little attention; and his hopes of gaining a livelihood in this way being disappointed, he enlisted as a private soldier. He was recognized by some officers who had known him when in the Academy; and efforts were made, privately, to obtain for him a commission, when it was found that he had deserted. He next makes his appearance as competitor for two prizes offered by an American journal; and these, it seems, he gained chiefly through a beautifully distinct caligraphy. This attracted the notice of one of the committee of award, his contributions were read, and it was unanimously decided that the prizes should be paid "to the first of geniuses who had written distinctly," without opening another manuscript. The prize tale was the "Manuscript found in a Bottle;" and the publisher introduced Poe to a Mr. Kennedy, a literary character well known in America, at that gentleman's desire. The prizes not having been paid, the costume in which he appeared at this introduction was that in which he had answered the advertisement of his good fortune. "Thin, and pale even to ghastliness, his whole appearance indicated sickness and the utmost destitution. A well-worn frock-coat concealed the absence of a shirt, and imperfect boots disclosed the lack of hose. . . . Poe told his history and his ambition, and it was determined that he should not want means for a suitable appearance in society, nor opportunity for a just display of his abilities in literature." He was immediately supplied with apparel from a clothing store, and sent to a bath, "whence he returned with the suddenly regained style of a gentleman."

Through the efforts of his new friends, Poe obtained the editorship of a magazine published at Richmond, Virginia, to which he contributed largely; but at the lapse of a few months his old habits returned, and for a week he continued in a condition of "brutal drunkenness," which resulted in his dismissal. By professions of repentance and promises of reformation, however, a reconciliation was effected, and a new contract arranged; but Poe's frequent irregularities exhausted the patience of his kind-hearted employer, and in January, 1837, he took leave of the magazine.

While at Richmond, and with an income of but a hundred pounds a year, he married; and leaving this town he vacillated from state to state, depending upon his chances of success as a journalist, until, settling in Philadelphia, he became editor of a magazine which had been recently established there. He seems to have entered upon this office under the influence of a healthy ambition and a determination to reform; and the conviction that his reputation was increasing led him for a while to cheerful views and regular habits. The close of a single summer, however, brought with it a relapse; and "for weeks he was regardless of anything but a morbid and insatiable appetite for the means of intoxication." On one occasion, and although similar neglect had been once before committed, the proprietor of the magazine returned

after a short absence, to find no preparations made for the publication of the number, the day on which it was due being past; and not only so, but that Poe "had prepared the prospectus of a new monthly, and obtained transcripts of his subscription and account-books, to be used in a scheme for supplanting him." He was of course dismissed.

Notwithstanding this conduct, he was installed, a few months afterwards, as editor of "Graham's Magazine," and during his engagement on this periodical, which lasted about a year and a half, he wrote some of his finest tales and criticisms, and drew attention by his papers on cryptology and ciphers. In 1844, however, his old infirmities having again thrown him upon the world, Poe removed to New York, and entered on a new existence. For the first time he was received into circles capable both of the appreciation and production of literature; his reputation serving as a passport to any society he desired to enter. He added to his fame soon after he arrived in this city by the publication of a poetical composition called "The Raven," regarding which we entirely concur in Mr. Willis' opinion, that it "is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative power." It is, indeed, mainly on account of this little poem that we so deeply deplore the manifold vices and weaknesses with which the mind of its author was besotted. Every verse in this unique poem rings with the true note of genius; and without dilating particularly on its merits, we must say that, in its kind, we do not hope to see it excelled. It is impossible to turn from this composition to the author's biography, without calculating, distressfully, how much talent, of which this is perhaps merely a scintillation, was here overborne and drowned in the flood of intemperance; to say nought of wonder and regret at the same time that it should exist at all in the same nature with so much inherent and natural vice. Another and most flagrant instance of this latter quality—one, it is said, of many such—we pass over, and proceed quickly to the last scenes of this extraordinary man's existence. While in New York his fame as a magazinist rose rapidly; he contributed to several of the chief periodicals, but as the summer of 1846 wore on, his habits reduced him to "much more than common destitution." The dangerous illness of his wife added to his misfortunes; and, his energies prostrated by dissipation and anxiety, the subject was introduced into the public journals, which resulted in pecuniary contributions sufficient to relieve him from all temporary embarrassment; but this fortune his wife lived not to share. At this period of Poe's history we are introduced to his mother-in-law; and a beautiful contrast to his character does her character offer. Mr. N. P. Willis describes her as with a countenance "made beautiful and saintly, with an evidently complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness"—clinging to this degraded and poverty-stricken man even long after her daughter's death—"living with him, caring for him," and *begging for him*. "Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us in the whole city has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article, or some literary subject to sell—sometimes simply pleading with a broken voice that he (Poe) was ill, and begging for him; mentioning nothing but 'he was ill,' whatever might be the reason

for his writing nothing ; and never, amid all the tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions." Surely, then, after all, there must have been something noble in the heart of this man to have commanded such ministering—from one, too, who was not bound to him by kindred, nor by that love which in woman is the spring of so much heroic devotion. For her sake, we are almost inclined to retract our harsh expressions against the object of her tenderness.

A few words will suffice to bring this melancholy sketch to a close. Poe's life, in fact, during the three years that yet remained to him, was simply a repetition of his previous existence, notwithstanding which his reputation still increased, and he made many friends. He was, indeed, at one time, engaged to marry a lady who is termed "one of the most brilliant women in New England." He, however, suddenly changed his determination ; and, after declaring his intention to break the match, he crossed the same day into the city where the lady dwelt, and, on the evening that should have been the evening before the bridal, "committed in drunkenness such outrages at her house as made necessary a summons of the police."

On the 4th of October, 1849, Poe set out for New York from Virginia, to fulfil a literary engagement, and to prepare for a marriage with a lady whom he had known in youth ; again resolved to lead a thoroughly reformed life, to aid which resolve he had joined a Temperance Society. On arriving at Baltimore he gave his trunks to a porter, and entered a tavern to obtain refreshment. "Here he met acquaintances who invited him to drink. All his resolutions and duties were soon forgotten ; in a few hours he was in such a state as is commonly induced only by long continued intoxication ; and after a night of insanity and exposure he was carried to a hospital, and there, on the evening of Sunday, the 7th of October, 1849, he died, at the age of thirty-eight."

We think our readers will by this time agree with us that a more melancholy story is not told in the curiosities of literature. They will remark in it a monotony of dissipation, an unvarying and unrelieved repetition of vicious incidents which we fear the subject of the biography himself had mainly to answer for. But to complete the sketch we have here borrowed from Mr. Griswold's memoir, we must add, in that gentleman's words, that Poe's conversation was at times almost supra-mortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with the most astonishing skill, and his imagery was from the worlds which no mortal can see but with the vision of genius. . . . He walked the streets in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer—never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned—but for their happiness who, at the moment, were objects of his idolatry. Irascible, envious, says our authority, his passions vented themselves in sneers. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler ; you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. There seemed to him no moral susceptibility ; and, what was more

remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor.

The writings of Edgar Poe, whether poems or tales, are quite as remarkable and incongruous as his character. They evidence an imagination the most fervid and daring ; and in most of his tales this imagination is brought to bear on abstruse phenomena in nature and science, with results which are rendered more astounding to the reader by the apparently strict adherence to fact and scientific detail. We remember one of these, not, however, included in Messrs. Vizetelly's little volume, wherein all the phenomena resulting from the near approach of a comet to the earth, on vegetable and animated nature, are described with a terrible plausibility.

In the same spirit the "Effects of Mesmerism on a Dying Man" is conceived ; and though it certainly has not that refinement of imagination and general excellence, as a flight into the regions of probability, which renders the story of the comet fascinating, there is yet a boldness in the assertion of phenomena, and an apparent scientific detail, that for a time entirely impose upon the mind, and, spite of the absurdity of the circumstances asserted, render the horrible story true. To be able to produce such an effect is proof of great power ; to use that power in a manner so *outré* is at first sight proof of a diseased mind, or, to use a cant expression, of a naturally "morbid imagination." If such were the case, some kind of palliation, some scintillation of pity, might be applicable to that dissipation he wallowed in. But in fact it really was not so ; and, however much his mental powers may have been weakened or diverted by being sodden in strong drink, which there can be no doubt they were to an extraordinary degree, it seems to us that the original mind was by no means of that painfully sensitive and delicate character which has almost naturally induced habits of intoxication in men of dreamy and ultramundane genius. An imagination of the boldest character was here naturally united to unusual powers of analysis and practical observation ; some of the best of Poe's tales depend entirely upon this latter quality. These are undoubtedly the main elements of genius ; and such a combination, but with rather less imagination, perhaps, and proportionately more practical application, is unquestionably the source of sober scientific—even of mechanical excellence.

But without going further, we may as well return at once to the observations we made at starting ; for the closest investigation of this man's character and abilities will only lead us to wonder and regret that so much intellectual power may coëxist with so much moral weakness. In his character there existed at once strongest common-sense and wretchedest folly ; it was steeped at once in depravity and poetry. For though to allow any literary excellence to our American brethren is considered a tolerably good proof of a low standard of taste, we yet venture to say that a half-dozen such poems as "The Raven" would have placed Edgar Poe in the foremost ranks of modern poetry. We hope to be forgiven if we have spoken too harshly of a dead man.

From the Times, 21 April.

THE further correspondence respecting the foreign refugees in London, which was discussed at such length in the House of Commons last night, not only terminates in a very satisfactory manner the discussion which had unfortunately arisen between the British government and the principal continental powers on this subject, but it affords evidence that great progress has already been made in healing the wounds which a long course of petty differences had inflicted on our relations with some of our oldest allies. We must say that a more pitiful dispute has seldom arisen between the leading governments of Europe, or for a more unworthy object; and when we remember that this correspondence was going on at a time when the peace and security of the world might be said to depend on the harmony of the great powers, we are at a loss to comprehend the spirit which continued to actuate their communications. It will be remembered that the papers already laid before Parliament ended with Lord Granville's excellent despatch of the 13th January. The Prussian government had already desisted from its remonstrances in deference to the foreign secretary who had just taken office. The French ambassador declared that his demands had not been made in conjunction with the Northern courts, and that he had merely remonstrated, without pointing out any future course of action. The Russian cabinet accepted the promise of the British ministry to watch the machinations of the political refugees, and to employ all legal means to prevent them from abusing the hospitality of England; and the emperor "awaited with confidence the realization of this promise." At the same time, however, Baron Brunnow communicated to Lord Granville an able paper, in which he pointed out that the offences imputed to the refugees in London were not merely offences against the municipal law of England, technically described as levying war against foreign sovereigns, but offences against the law of nations, by attempting to disturb the tranquillity and injure the relations of foreign states. To this distinction we reply, that offences against the law of nations are just grounds of diplomatic remonstrance, and even of war, but that the law of nations is not administered by the civil or criminal courts of this or any other nation, (except in the particular jurisdiction of the Admiralty Court,) and that the law of England has no means of enforcing the most indisputable propositions of Vattel on persons residing in this country, who are only amenable to the ordinary municipal jurisdiction of the land. The law of nations determines the relations of one state to another; but municipal law determines the relations of a state to persons inhabiting its territory; and the rights of persons seeking a refuge in England for political causes fall under the latter class only. We are surprised that so acute a reasoner as Baron Brunnow should have adopted the very fallacy he is laboring to expose; for, although it is perfectly true that the foreign powers had a right to remonstrate against abuses against the law of nations, it is equally certain that it is the municipal law of England, and not the law of nations, which can alone restrain persons in this country, whether British subjects or foreign refugees, from the evil practices which he describes.

We proceed, however, to comment upon the less friendly tone which this correspondence subsequently, and for a time, assumed with the government of

Austria. The answer returned by Prince Schwarzenberg to Lord Granville's despatch has already reached the knowledge of the public through the German papers, and it produced in this country a painful and offensive impression. We regretted to see a government, which we had long been accustomed to view with respect, condescending to menace harmless English travellers with a persecution of passports and police agents; and we suggested that the only appropriate notice to be taken of such a threat was to abstain as much as possible from entering the Austrian dominions. But although Lord Palmerston had quitted office, it was evident that the Austrian cabinet still regarded Lord John Russell as the representative of the same hostile principle, for certainly no such sinister intentions could be imputed to Lord Granville; and, in addition to the notes previously presented on the subject of the refugees, the Austrian minister in London was instructed to place in the hands of the foreign secretary two communications of a similar tenor—one from the Duke of Modena, and the other from the Papal government. The observations of such a prince as he who rules in Modena might without ceremony be consigned to the waste-paper basket, and accordingly Lord Granville replied that he should not notice that communication. But the claim of the Austrian minister to present a remonstrance from the Holy See was an impertinence which required some further censure; for we are at a loss to conceive either on what grounds the Pope's secretary could think himself entitled to address the British government on any subject whatever after the occurrences of last year, or how the Austrian minister could be instructed to act in the name of sovereigns by whom he had never been accredited to the Queen of England. On these grounds Lord Granville returned these two last mentioned despatches to the Austrian minister. The relations of the two governments had thus reached, under the late administration, a most unpleasant point; and on both sides offence and retaliation had been carried to their furthest limits. We deeply regret the peevish and unworthy spirit which may be traced in this correspondence, to the great detriment of the public interests; but we are bound to add, that no sooner had the intelligence of the defeat of the late ministry reached Vienna than Prince Schwarzenberg hastened to express to Lord Malmesbury his earnest desire to restore "that character of frank and intimate confidence to the relations of the two governments which events, independent of the Austrian government, had more or less disturbed." Lord Derby's remarks upon his own foreign policy and the question of the refugees, in his speech on taking office, were accepted by the cabinet of Vienna with unqualified satisfaction, and it will henceforth only be required on the Austrian frontier that British travellers should be provided with passports issued by some British authority.

At the present conjuncture in the affairs of Europe it is impossible to overrate the importance of this reconciliation, for the union and mutual confidence of all the great powers is the mainstay of the general peace; and if any designs of aggression are or have been entertained by the French government, the estrangement between England and Austria is the cleft through which they threatened Europe. It is on this account that we have steadily adhered, and sometimes through much obloquy, to the importance of a good understanding with Austria. We heartily wish that the internal govern-

ment of the Austrian empire were more favorable than it is to provincial liberties, that her army could be reduced, and her finances improved; but these are matters of no direct concern to ourselves. We look solely to our common international interests, and on that ground we maintain that a renewal of our amicable relations with the Austrian government is a fortunate circumstance for this country, and we sincerely hope they will not again be rashly destroyed.

From the Examiner, 3d April.

A QUESTION FOR THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

WHY is it, when a criminal has a defence made for him which the judge regards as an aggravation of his crime so great as to deserve a great aggravation of his punishment, that the lawyers, through whom the defence is made, pass uncensured as if they had merely done their duty?

This question is suggested by a case, tried last week before Lord Campbell, at Bury St. Edmunds. A young gentleman of twenty-three was indicted for taking away from her father a girl of humble birth, under sixteen. He had induced her to leave her home with him, had taken her to a house of ill fame in Ipswich, and had kept her there for some days living with the inmates, till they were discovered by his father and removed. The defence was that this young gentleman had been the seduced, rather than the seducer; and this was maintained on the following grounds.

First, that his "attentions" to the girl had been connived at by her parents, in the hope of entrapping him into a marriage—his *attentions*, we say; for it was not even pretended that they had connived at the *abduction*. Secondly, that the girl herself had gone willingly, and was a consenting party to all that happened afterwards. What proof was offered in support of the first of these allegations, the report does not state. In support of the second, the evidence of certain women was produced who had seen the girl at the house in question, and who swore that "she eat and drank, laughed and played at cards, and lived comfortably with the defendant and the inmates and visitors of the establishment," till the defendant's father came and took them away. On this point "a great body of evidence was produced."

With all this, the jury had of course nothing to do, the question for them being merely whether the father had connived at the abduction; which, finding that he had *not*, they brought in a verdict of guilty. It was for the judge to weigh the evidence on the other point, and consider whether it would justify any mitigation of punishment. What said Lord Campbell?

He did not believe the story which the witnesses told. "He could not attach any credit to these creatures. It was repugnant to human nature that a girl brought up in modesty should all at once, &c." Far better it would have been, Lord Campbell continued, if the defendant had offered her some compensation before the prosecution. "But so far from doing so, he had to-day sought to heap injury upon injury by blasting her reputation as he had before ruined her virtue. Such conduct deserved the utmost severity of punishment; and he regretted that the law did not admit his awarding him *hard labor* in addition to his term of imprisonment."

Such is the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench upon the morality of the defence set up in behalf of the defendant. For setting

up such a defence he deserved hard labor in a house of correction for eighteen months. Did the defendant, then, conduct his own case? No; it was conducted for him by a professional counsel. Who suggested it? Who advised it? Who got it up? Who procured these creatures of the brothel to bear what Lord Campbell believes to be false witness, against a girl whom the law presumes to be helpless—in order to "blast her character," and so "heap injury upon injury?" Who endeavored to persuade the jury that it was true? Will any one believe that all this was done by the youth himself? Will any one doubt that it was all done under professional advice, by professional diligence and skill?

Now, if the setting up of this defence, supposing it to be the act of the defendant—who had at least the fear of punishment to plead in excuse—was an additional crime that deserved the tread-mill, what is to be said of those professional gentlemen whose act it really was, and who can plead no such excuse? What is to be said of the rules of a profession, which allows such crimes to be committed in cold blood, and in the ordinary way of business? What of the judge, who, while he delivers so heavy and so just a censure upon the course taken by the defendant—who was in all probability only a consenting party—passes by, without a word of reproof, admonition, or regret, those whom he must have known to be the real originators, contrivers, and executors of it?

It may be impossible to prevent such things from being done; but it cannot be impossible, when they thus come to light, to make them infamous. And this is surely one of those cases in which the judges might use their authority to correct the morals, and save the honor of the profession.

From the London Athenæum.

AMERICAN SHIPS.

THE subject placed on the list for consideration has been suggested by the assertion, which, within a year or two, has been so often repeated, that our transatlantic brethren are building better ships than ourselves; that, in short, Brother Jonathan is going ahead, while John Bull is comfortably dozing in his arm-chair, and that, if he do not awake speedily, and take a sound survey of his true position, he may soon find himself hopelessly astern. Two questions of a practical nature arise out of this alarming assertion: 1st. Whether the Americans are really in any respect superior to the English in nautical matters. 2d. Whether, in order to equal them, we are to be condemned to descend into mere imitators, or whether we have independent ground from which we can start with certainty and originality on a new career of improvement in naval architecture. In the outset, I beg permission to say that I am not one of those who shut their ears to the praises of our young and enterprising brethren over the water, or view their rapid advancement with jealousy. I beg to express my perfect belief in the accounts we have heard of their wonderful achievements in rapid river steam navigation. I am satisfied, as a matter of fact, that twenty-one, twenty-two, and twenty-three miles an hour have been performed, not once, but often, by their river steamboats. To that we cannot in this country offer any parallel.

The next point in which they have beaten us was in the construction of the beautiful packet-ships which carried on the passenger trade between Liverpool and America, before the era of ocean steamers. These were the finest ships in the world, and they were mainly owned and sailed by Americans. The next

point at which we have come into competition with the Americans, has been lately in ocean steam navigation. Three years ago they began. They were immeasurably behind us at starting; they are already *nearly equal* to us. Their transatlantic steam packets equal ours in size, power, and speed; in regularity they are still inferior. If they continue to advance at their present rate of improvement, they will very soon outstrip us. Next I come to the trade which has long been peculiarly our own, the China trade. The clipper-ships which they have recently sent home to this country have astonished the fine ships of our own Smiths and Greens. Our best ship-owners are now trembling for their trade and reputation. Finally, it is true that the Americans have sent over to England a yacht called the *America*, which has found on this side of the Atlantic no match; and we only escaped the disgrace of her having returned to America, without any of us having had the courage to accept her defiance, through the chivalry of one gentleman, who accepted the challenge with a yacht half the size, on this principle, so worthy of John Bull, "that the Yankee, although he might say that he had beaten us, should not be able to say that we had all run away." Such, then, at present, is our actual position in the matter of ships, yachts, and steam navigation; a position highly creditable to the Americans, and which deserves our own very serious consideration.

I propose to examine a little into the physical causes of the naval success of the Americans, but before doing so permit me to point out a moral one, which, later in the evening, you will also find to lie at the bottom of the physical causes. It is this; John Bull has a prejudice against novelty; Brother Jonathan has a prejudice equally strong in favor of it. We adhere to tradition in trade, manners, customs, professions, humors; Jonathan despises it. I don't say he is right and we are wrong, but this difference becomes very important when a race of competition is to be run. These preliminary remarks find immediate application in the causes which have led to our loss of character on the sea. The Americans, constantly on the alert, have carried out and applied every new discovery to the advancement of navigation; while with the English, naval construction and seamanship is exactly that branch of practice in which science has not only been disregarded, but is altogether despised and set aside. The American ships show what can be done by modern science unflinchingly put in practice; the English show what can be done in spite of science and in defiance of its principles.

It appeared, from the comparison which was instituted between the construction of American and English vessels, that the American ship-builders have gained over the English chiefly by the ready abandonment of old systems of routine, and the adoption of the true principles of science and the most modern discoveries. They have changed their fashion of steamers and ships to meet new circumstances as they arose. For river steamers they at once abandoned all the known seagoing forms, and created an absolutely new form and general arrangement both of ship and machinery. We, on the other hand, subject to the prejudices of a class, invariably attempted to make a river steamer as nearly as possible resemble a seagoing ship propelled by sails. We were even for a long time so much ashamed of our paddle-wheels that we adopted all sorts of inconvenient forms and inapt artifices to conceal them, as if it were a high achievement to make a steam-vessel be mistaken for a sailing-vessel. The fine sharp bows which the wave principle has brought to our knowledge, have been adopted in this country with the greatest reluctance; and those who adopt them are often unwilling to allow that they are wave bows, and would fain assert that "they always built them so," were it not that the ships' lines are able to speak for themselves.

The Americans, however, adopted the wave bow without reluctance, and avowed it with pleasure the moment they found it gave them economy and speed.

In like manner, the Americans, having found the wave bow or hollow bow good for steamers, were quite ready to believe that it might be equally good for sailing vessels. We, on the other hand, have kept on, asserting that, though we could not deny its efficacy for steamers, it would never do for vessels that were meant to carry sail. The Americans, on the contrary, immediately tried it on their pilot-boats, and, finding it succeed there, avowed at once, in their latest treatise on naval architecture, the complete success of the principle; not even disclaiming its British origin. To prove to ourselves our insensibility to its advantages, they built the *America*, carried out the wave principle to the utmost, and, despising the prejudices and antiquated regulations of our clubs, came over and beat us. The diagrams and models which were exhibited showed the water-line of the *America* to coincide precisely with the theoretical wave line. In one other point the Americans had shown their implicit faith in science, and their disregard of prejudice. Theory says, and has always said, "Sails should sit flat as boards." We have said, "They should be cut so as to hang in graceful waves. It has always been so; we have always done it." The Americans believed in principle, and with flat sails went one point nearer to the wind, leaving prejudice and picturesque sails far to leeward. In other points, the Americans beat us by the use of science. They use all the refinements of science in their rigging and tackle; they, it is true, have to employ better educated and more intelligent men; they *do so*; and, by employing a smaller number of hands, beat us in efficiency as well as in economy.

THUNDER OF WATERFALLS.—Dr. Tyndall, in the "Philosophical Magazine," No. 2, makes the following observations on the production of bubbles in connection with the origin of the sound of agitated water:—"When the smoke is projected from the lips of a tobacco-smoker, a little explosion usually accompanies the puff; but the nature of this is in a great measure dependent on the state of the lips at the time, whether they be dry or moist. The sound appears to be chiefly due to the sudden bursting of the film which connects both lips. If an inflated bladder be jumped upon, it will emit an explosion as loud as a pistol-shot. Sound, to some extent, always accompanies the sudden liberation of compressed air. And this fact is also exhibited in the department of a jet. If the surface of the fluid on which it falls intersects its limpid portion, the jet enters *silently*, and no bubbles, as before remarked, are produced. The moment, however, after the bubbles make their appearance, an audible rattle also commences, which becomes louder and louder as the mass of the jet is increased. The very nature of the sound pronounces its origin to be the bursting of the bubbles; and to the same cause the rippling of streams and the sound of breakers appear to be almost exclusively due. I have examined a stream or two, and in all cases where a ripple made itself heard I have discovered bubbles. The impact of water against water is a comparatively subordinate cause, and could never of itself occasion the murmur of a brook, or the musical roar of the ocean. It is the same as regards waterfalls. Were Niagara continuous and without lateral vibration, it would be as silent as a cataract of ice. It is possible, I believe, to get behind the descending water at one place; and if the attention of travellers were directed to the subject, the mass might perhaps be seen *through*. For in all probability it also has its "contracted sections;" after passing which it is broken into detached masses, which, plunging successively upon the air-bladders formed by their precursors, suddenly liberate their contents, and thus create the thunder of the waterfall.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

A PRISON-SCENE DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.

I was mentioning one day to an old friend and fellow-rambler of mine the pleasure I had derived from a visit to the Palais du Luxembourg, in Paris, "Oh," said he, "my recollections of the Luxembourg Palace are anything but pleasant. One entire generation has passed away, and a second has followed far on the same road, since I entered it; but were I to live to the age of an antediluvian, I imagine the remembrance of the period which I passed in the Luxembourg would dwell with me to the last hour of my life."

These words naturally raised my curiosity, and, from the character of the speaker, whom I had known for many years as a man of much and varied knowledge and unimpeachable probity, also aroused my sympathy; I pressed him, therefore, to favor me with the incidents which had made so indelible an impression upon his mind. He made no difficulty of complying with my request; but, stirring the fire and leaning back in his easy chair, delivered his brief narrative very nearly in the following words:

You do not perhaps remember that the Palais du Luxembourg was at one period used as a prison. Some of those splendid saloons which you so much admire were once bordered with cells hastily erected with rough planks, the centre of the area being used as a common room for the whole of the prisoners. When the Revolution of 1789 broke out in France, I was the junior partner of an English house doing business in a certain kind of merchandise in the Rue St. Honoré. I was very young, almost a lad, indeed, but I had invested the whole of my small fortune in the concern. I was active and sedulous, and I devoted my entire energies to the prosecution of our joint interests, which thrived considerably. When the troubles came, my partners, who conceived that they had grounds for apprehension, resolved to quit the country; and they offered me the whole of the business upon terms so advantageous that I did not feel justified in refusing them. I had never meddled with politics, (for which, indeed, I had no talent or inclination,) I was too young to have any enemies or to be suspected of partisanship; so I closed with the offer that was made me, and resolved to brave the perils of the time, making my business the sole object of my care and solicitude, and leaving all things else to take their course. I pursued this plan rigidly, avoiding all participation in the excitement of the period, and not even conversing on the subject of public affairs, concerning which upon all occasions I professed, what indeed was the truth, that I knew nothing. I went on thus for some years, and amidst all the horrors and vicissitudes of the Revolution my business thrived prosperously. I experienced no sort of interruption—never received a single domiciliary visit from any one of the factions upon whom the sovereign authority so suddenly devolved—and, to all appearance, had escaped suspicion under each and all of the rapidly-changing dynasties. I had well-nigh doubled my wealth by unwearied diligence, and had long banished all thought of peril in the course I was pursuing, when, one rainy night in the summer of 1793, I was roused from my rest after I had been a full hour asleep in bed, compelled to hurry on a few clothes at a minute's notice, pushed into a carriage waiting at my door, and driven off to a midnight

tribunal. Arrived at the Hotel de Ville, I requested to hear the charge which had been made against me, but was desired to hold my peace. I was brought there for identification, and not for a hearing, the ruffian in office informed me, and it would be time enough for me to hear the charge when I was called upon to answer it. It was in vain that I pleaded the injustice of such a proceeding; I was obliged to submit to their pleasure. A pen was put into my hand, and I was ordered to write my protest, if I had any to make. I did so in a few words, claiming protection as a French citizen. The presiding scoundrel pretended to compare my writing with some imaginary seditious document, of which it was not possible that I could have been the author, and at once committed me to prison. I was kept in waiting while some other pretended examinations were gone through, and then, in company with three more unfortunates, was driven off to the Luxembourg, where, at about two o'clock in the morning, I was bundled into a cell furnished with a straw *paillasse* and rug, a deal table and a single chair, and lighted by a small lamp suspended aloft out of my reach.

When I could find time to reflect upon the sudden calamity which had overtaken me, I could come to no other conclusion than that I had been made the victim of the cupidity of some villain or villains who had contrived to incarcerate me out of the way, while they made a plunder of my property. The imputation of seditious correspondence, which I knew to be nothing but a pretence, bore me out in this conjecture; and, upon thinking the matter over again and again, I came by the conviction at last, that, bad as the matter was, it might have been much worse. I thought I saw that there was little chance of my being brought up for trial, as it would be more for the interest of my enemies, whoever they were, to keep me out of the way, than to bring me before a tribunal which might or might not condemn me to death, but which could hardly fail of discovering the motive of my abduction and imprisonment. Thus I got rid of the fear of the guillotine, and I soon found another cause for gratulation in the fact that I had not been searched. I had a considerable sum of money in my pocket-book, and, by a piece of good fortune, the book containing my banking-account was in the breast-pocket of my over-coat, which I had put on on the previous evening, in consequence of a sudden storm, and which, on hearing the pattering rain, I had instinctively seized upon coming away. Before I lay down upon my miserable couch I contrived effectually to secrete my valuables, in the fear that they might be abstracted in case I should be so fortunate as to sleep. I had been locked in by the gaoler, and I imagined that the ten square feet which limited my view would confine all my motions during the term of my imprisonment. In spite of all my anxieties and the disagreeable novelty of my position, I fell off to slumber about sunrise, and into a pleasant dream of home in England, and the sunny fields of childhood.

I was awoke soon after seven o'clock by the sound of laughter and loud voices mingled with the twanging of a lute. I started up, and, seeing that the door of my cell was standing ajar, I bent forward and looked out. My apparition in a red night-cap was received with a burst of merriment loud and prolonged from some fifty well-dressed individuals seated on chairs or lounging on tables in the centre of a large arena, surrounded on all sides with cells, the counterpart of my own. They hailed me as

"Le Bonnet Rouge," and wished me joy of my advent among them. Making my toilet as speedily as possible, I joined them with the best grace I could, and requested to be allowed the pleasure of their society, if, as I supposed from what I saw, the rules of the prison permitted me the indulgence. A young man politely stepped forward, and volunteered to instruct me in the constitution and the etiquette of the society into which I had been so abruptly introduced. He was the model of courtesy and good-breeding, and soon initiated me into the mysteries of the association which the prisoners had set on foot for the purpose of relieving the tedium of confinement, and for banishing the gloomy shadow of speedy and certain death impending over the major part of them. He informed me that we were at liberty either to take our meals in common at the general table in the saloon where we then were, or to withdraw with our several messes to our own cells; but that no gentleman who could not show a cheerful countenance, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, was expected to make his appearance either at dinner or supper, or, indeed, in the saloon at all, save for the purpose of periodical exercise. He argued that a dejected and sorrowful face, though it might be allowable in the case of a solitary prisoner, was clearly an offence against the whole assembly, each of whom having his own burden to bear, was entitled to at least as good an example of courage as he could furnish himself; and that upon those grounds they had come to the understanding, which was perfectly well known and acted upon among them, that those who had not sufficient fortitude to oppose a smile to the scowl of Fate should confine their sorrows to their own cabins, and not disturb the enjoyments, short-lived as they were, nor unsettle the constancy of their fellows by the parade of unavailing dejection. He added, that if I could condescend to the amusement of their circle by any means, no matter how, I should be regarded in the light of a benefactor; that they had music, public debates, and dramatic representations, though without scenery or appropriate dresses; and that in all or any of these amusements I might take a part if I chose, and might feel sure of their candid appreciation of my endeavors. He then, with the utmost *sang froid*, gave me to understand that their first violin would that morning leave them, though he would give them a parting cavatina before he mounted the tumbrel, which would call on its way to the guillotine about twelve o'clock. Fifteen other gentlemen of their community were bound on the same voyage; they were liable to such deductions from their social circle, he was sorry to say—and he shrugged his shoulders—on occasions far too frequent for their repose; but then they were constantly receiving fresh additions, and their number was generally very nearly if not quite complete. He told me that among the twenty or thirty gentlemen conversing so cheerfully at the next table, seven would die that morning, and apologized for not pointing out the particular individuals, on the score of its being hardly polite to do so.

I was perfectly horrified at the communication of my voluble companion. Though living so long in the very centre and focus of revolution, I had kept so carefully clear of the terrible drama which had been acting, and had been so wrapped up in my own concerns, that I was altogether unprepared for the recognition of such a state of feeling on the subject of certain, sudden, and murderous death, as I now found existing around me. It required all

the courage and self-control I was master of to repress the natural exclamations of dismay that rose to my lips. I thanked my new friend for his courtesy, expressed my determination not to appear in the social circle at any time when my spirits were not up to the mark, and, bowing ceremoniously, withdrew to my own cell to ruminate alone upon what I had heard. You may imagine what passed in my mind. I had been religiously educated in a Protestant country; I had never, even in France, neglected the daily duties of religion. I had knelt, morning and evening, from my earliest childhood, to my father's God; and I had devoutly sought the especial direction of his providence both in taking the step which led me to Paris in the first instance, and in that which had fixed me there when my partners had fled in apprehension of calamity. The idea of death had been to me always one of unmingled solemnity; and the thought of opposing laughter and merriment to the grim aspect of the grisly king was abhorrent to my imagination. I remained all the morning in my cell, a prey to miserable and anxious thought. I heard the cavatina played with firmness and brilliancy by the musician who knew to a certainty that within an hour he would be a headless corpse. I heard the tumbrel drive up to the door which was to convey sixteen of my fellow-prisoners to feed the dripping-axe. I saw them defile past my cell as the gaoler checked them off on his list, and heard them respond gayly to the "*Bon voyage*" of their companions ere they departed in the fatal cart which was to carry them "out of the world."

There is, however, a force in circumstances strong enough to overcome the habits and instincts of a life-time. I had not been a month in the Luxembourg before the idea of death by violence, once so terrible and appalling, began to assume a very different aspect in my mind. Our society consisted of above a hundred in number, and the major part of them, incarcerated for political offences, were but in the position of losers in a game in which they had played the stake of life for the chance of power. They paid the penalty as readily and as recklessly as they had played the game; and the spectacle which their fate presented to my view, though it never reconciled me to their repulsive indifference to the importance of life, yet gradually undermined my own estimate of its value. Every means of amusement that could be thought of was resorted to for diversion. Plays were acted night after night, the female characters being personated by the youngest of the party in robes borrowed from the wardrobe of the gaoler's wife. Concerts were got up, and the songs of all nations were sung with much taste to the accompaniment of the lute in the hands of an old professor, who, it afterwards came out, had been imprisoned by mistake, because he bore the name of an offender. Card-parties sat down to play every evening; and men would continue the game, and deal the cards with a steady hand, though they heard their names called over in the list of those who were to grace the guillotine on the morrow. It was rare that executions followed on two successive days; there was often, indeed, a respite for a fortnight together; but I noticed with a shudder that, whenever the cells were all occupied, an execution, and usually of a large number, speedily followed.

Months passed away. I was unhappy beyond expression, from the want of sympathy and of occupation. I had been allowed to receive a box of clothes and linen from my residence; and my ser-

vant had put a few English books into the box, with a design to relieve the tedium of confinement. Among the books was Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted." It came into my head that I might find occupation in translating this work into French, and that by circulating it very cheaply among the populace I might, perhaps, do something to stem the course of bloodshed and profanity in which all seemed hurrying headlong forward. I procured writing-materials, and, shutting myself up several hours a-day in my cell, commenced the translation. I did not make very rapid progress; my attention was too much distracted by what was going on around me to permit me to do much during the day. At eleven at night we were locked in our cells, and then I generally wrote for a quiet hour before going to bed.

I had been thus engaged for some three or four months, and had completed more than half my undertaking, when, as I sat one morning at my writing, one of the attendants knocked at my cell door, and announced a visitor in the person of an Englishman, who, having been consigned to prison, had inquired if any of his fellow-countrymen were in confinement, and, having been referred to me, now sought an introduction. I rose, of course, immediately, and proceeded to offer him such welcome as the place afforded. He was a man already stricken in years, of a rather forbidding aspect, but with the fire of intellect in his restless eye. He introduced himself to me as Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man," and he hoped he might add, the consistent friend of liberty, though, for the present at least, he had lost his own. I consoled with him as well as I could, and assisted in installing him in a cell next to mine which happened to be vacant. I may confess that I was much more astonished than gratified by the accession of such a companion; but as he never sought to intrude upon my privacy I was enabled to proceed with my work unmolested. I made him acquainted with the etiquette of the prison, and the necessity of a cheerful face if he went into company; and he warmly approved of the regulation, though he rarely complied with it, as he kept himself almost constantly in his cell. He wrote for several hours every day; and told me that he was approaching fast towards the completion of a work, which, under the title of "The Age of Reason," would one day make a noise in the world, and do something towards putting the force of priestcraft to the rout. At my request, he lent me a portion of the manuscript, which, having perused with indignation, I returned with my unqualified condemnation, at which he laughed good-humoredly, and said I had been too effectually nursed in prejudices to be able to judge impartially. I did not return the confidence with which he had honored me by making him acquainted with the purpose for which I was laboring. The winter of '93-94 was nearly over before I had got my manuscript in a fit condition to be put into the hands of the printer. I remember being much troubled in the preparation of the last few pages by the crowded state of the prison. Not only were all the cells occupied, but a full half of them contained a couple of inmates each, and I was obliged myself to purchase immunity from partnership with a stranger at a considerable sum. We who had been long in prison knew well enough what to look for from such a state of things, and every night after supper we expected the summons of the bell which preceded the reading over the black list. It came at last, after a respite of eigh-

teen days, an interval which had caused many to hope that these judicial slaughters were at an end. The first stroke of the bell produced a dead silence, and we listened with horror while twenty-seven names were deliberately called over, together with the numbers of the cells in which their owners domiciled. I saw Mr. Paine seated in his cell, and clutching the door in his hand, as he looked sternly through the partial opening upon the face of the gaoler as he read over the list. When it was concluded he shut himself in; and I heard him moving about at intervals during the whole night. I did not sleep myself, and I felt sure that he did not attempt to sleep.

When the victims were mustered the next morning previous to the arrival of the tumbrils which were to bear them to death, the gaoler declared that the number was short by one; that he was bound to furnish the full compliment of twenty-eight, which he asserted was the number he had read off the night before. He was requested to refer to the list, and read it again; but, by some strange management, this could not be found.

"Gentlemen," said the gaoler, "you must manage it among you somehow; it is as much as my own head is worth—though to be sure heads are at a discount just now—to send short weight in bargains of this sort. Be so good as to settle it among yourselves." At these words a volunteer stepped forward. "What signifies a day or two more or less?" he cried, "I will go! Gentlemen, do not trouble yourselves—the affair is finished!" A light murmur of applause was deemed a sufficient reward for his gratuitous act of self-devotion, which under different circumstances might have won an immortality of fame. The voluntary victim could have been barely five-and-twenty. He was allowed to lead off the dance in the grim tragedy of the morning. He did so with an alacrity altogether and exceedingly French. I do not recollect his name; his exploit was no more than a three days' wonder.

From what reason I know not, but it began to be rumored that one of the Englishmen ought to have completed the condemned list; and suspicions of dishonorable conduct on the part of Paine were freely whispered about. They were, perhaps, founded on the fact of his being constantly in communication with the gaoler, who brought him almost daily despatches from some of his Jacobin friends. It was reported *sotto voce* that he had bribed the gaoler to erase his name from the list; though, as he had never been brought to trial, nor, as far as I know, was aware, any more than myself, of the specific charge made against him, I do not see that that was very probable—a form of trial at least being generally allowed to prisoners.

When my manuscript was ready I sent for a printer, and bargained with him for a pretty large impression of the book, in a cheap and portable form. Nearly two months were occupied in getting through the press, owing to the amount of business with which the printers of Paris were at that time overloaded. When the whole edition was ready for delivery, I sent for a bookseller of my acquaintance, and gave him an order upon the printer for the whole of them, with directions to sell them at the low price of ten sous, or five-pence each, about equal to two thirds of the cost of their production, supposing the whole number to go off, which, in my ignorance of the book-trade and of the literary likings of the Parisians, I looked upon as the next thing to a certainty.

This undertaking off my hands, my mind felt considerably more at ease, and I became capable of enjoying the few pleasures which my hazardous position afforded. The study of human nature, of which I thought but little previous to my confinement, now became my only pursuit. I had acquired the habit of writing in the prosecution of my translation; and I now continued the habit by journalizing the events which transpired in the prison, and jotting down such portions of the biography of the several inmates as I could make myself master of. Mr. Paine shut himself closely in his cell, and I rarely saw anything of him; and he appeared to have given up all communication as well with the world without as that within his prison.

In July came the fall of Robespierre, who wanted animal courage to play out the desperate game he had planned. I was the first who got the information, and in five minutes it was known to all my fellow-prisoners. In a few days I was set at liberty. I parted with the author of the "Rights of Man" and the "Age of Reason" at the door of the prison, and never set eyes on him afterwards. I flew to my residence in the Rue St. Honoré. As I expected, everything of value had been plundered and the place gutted, my faithful servant having first been enlisted and packed off to the army. I resolved upon returning home. As a French citizen, I had no difficulty in obtaining a passport for the coast; and within a month I was in London.

Twenty years had passed over my head, and Paris was in the possession of the allied powers, when, in 1814, I again visited it. Fortunately, owing to services which I was enabled to render to

British officers high in command, I found myself in a position to vindicate my claim to the value of the property I had left behind me, and for the sake of which there is little doubt that I had been secretly proscribed and cast into a revolutionary prison. I eventually recovered the whole amount of my loss, the *quartier* in which I had resided having to make it good. It now occurred to me to call upon the bookseller to whom I had confided the 3000 copies of Baxter's treatise, with a view, if practicable, to a settlement. I was lucky enough to find him at his old place; and, upon my inquiry as to the fate of my work, he informed me, to my perfect amazement and mortification, that the whole of the copies were yet upon his shelves, and that he was ready to hand me over the entire impression, of which, as he might well be, he expressed himself desirous of being relieved. He assured me that he had employed the usual means to push them off, but that he had not been able, in a single instance, to effect a sale. He regretted to say that it was the most decided failure in the literary line that had ever come under his observation; not, he was pleased to observe, from any defect in point of literary ability, but solely from the fact that matter of that nature was totally unfit for the Parisian market. The whole edition was returned upon my hands; not a single copy had been sold in twenty years, although offered at a price below the cost of production. Still I never repeated the attempt, mistaken though it proved to be. It afforded me occupation during some wretched months of confinement, and comforted me with the hope that, were I to die by the guillotine, I might leave a voice behind me which might be of use to my fellow-creatures.

A PARSEE LADY.—I asked her how the hair was disposed of with them? Whereupon, laughing merrily, she threw back her saree, and the disfiguring kind of bandage which concealed the forehead and head, and shaking down a quantity of black, silky hair, her eyes sparkling with animation, she really looked so beautiful, that I could not refrain from loudly exclaiming against the barbarous style of costume which thus transformed a perfect houri into a bandaged Egyptian mummy. Another personal disfigurement they very ingeniously contrive, by perforating completely their small, delicately formed ears all round, inserting such heavy jewelled pendants that the shape becomes distorted with increasing years, and the appearance of the feature is so unnatural that I was glad to see the saree drawn over it. All these ladies were of small stature, with slight and graceful figures, regular features, and a pale olive complexion, which in their estimation is the highest attribute of beauty. My sociable friend pointed out to me a little girl of about nine years of age, who, she said, was so strikingly fair that her hand had been eagerly sought in marriage by several before she attained her fourth year. She had been now for some time betrothed to the son of a wealthy Parsee; and when of sufficient age to be separated from her mother, she was to take up her abode in the family of her future husband. She was a sweet, gentle little creature, with an expression of melancholy in her soft, gazelle-like eyes; and, judging from the mother's constant caresses and looks of love bestowed upon her child, I could well imagine how heavily the thought of approaching separation must press on both their hearts. I was delighted to see some specimens of needlework strewn about the room, such as canvass-work and embroidery; and, upon inquiring how they had learnt these arts, I was informed that an English

missionary lady had lately given them some instruction in the use of the needle; and that the father was so astonished at their progress, that he talked of allowing them to learn the piano forte, and had actually provided a magnificent instrument in anticipation. I begged to see it, and never shall I forget their delight as I ran my fingers over the notes. The entire female household, including the servant, gathered round me, clapping their hands as I played a few lively airs; and when at length I rose to depart they all loudly entreated me to come soon again, and stay the whole day with them. * * Their only recreation appeared to consist in giving occasional parties to the ladies of their acquaintance, and making a grand exhibition of silken sarees and costly jewels. I was greatly amused to hear, that, of late, it is considered an essential mark of style and fashion to wear English silk stockings beneath their embroidered slippers on a party night, though the usual custom is to have the feet and ankles uncovered, with the exception of the handsome jewelled ornaments called anklets, which are clasped round them.—*Life in Bombay.*

DISSIPATION.—Dissipation softens the soul so much that the most superficial employment becomes a burden, and the slightest inconvenience an agony. The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him who plucks them; for they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

FINE sensibilities are like woodbines, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine round a solid, upright stem of understanding, but very poor things if, unsustained by strength, they are left to creep along the ground.

From the Edinburgh Phil. Journal.

ICE, SNOW, &C.

I. STRUCTURE OF ICE.

WITH regard to the progress of the seasons, the "Indian summer," as it is called, brought us three weeks of fine weather after our arrival in September. The centre of Bear Lake usually remains open till late in December, but by the middle of October the bays and straits are frozen across. As the structure of ice has of late years attracted the attention of speculative geologists, principally in connection with the movements of glaciers, I am induced to mention here a few facts which intruded themselves on my observation during my residences in the fur countries.

The first step in the freezing of rivers in this rigorous climate, after the water has been cooled down to 32° by a succession of cold weather, is the formation of somewhat circular plates of ice, six or eight inches in diameter. These drift for a time with the current, until they have become numerous enough to cover the surface of the water, when they are arrested in a narrow part of the river, or by any slight obstacle, and speedily adhere to each other, after which the interstices between the circles fill rapidly with crystals that bind all firmly together. The sheet of ice thus produced is at first nearly opaque; but when, in the course of a day or two, it has acquired the thickness of a few inches, it becomes transparent, and remains so until a fall of snow has obscured the surface. In unsheltered lakes the wind drifts the snow to the beach, and would perhaps keep the ice clean for great part of the winter, were it not that in certain hygrometric conditions of the atmosphere small starry tufts of most beautiful tabular and latticed crystals are deposited at short intervals on the ice, and freeze firmly to it. In a dry atmosphere, these crystals evaporate again, but should a fall take place of the fine dust-like snow, which is the most common kind in high latitudes, they serve to detain it until it consolidates, so as to resist the wind. It is rare, however, for the snow to lie more than a foot deep on any of the large lakes, unless where it has drifted under the lee of piled-up slabs of ice, or of rocks, islands, or other shelter.

During winter, the ice receives an increase of thickness from beneath, and at the same time evaporates above; the latter process going on with a rapidity that would scarcely be credible to one ignorant of the extreme dryness of the air in an Arctic winter. The ice acquires a thickness of from four to eight feet, according to the severity of the season, the depth of the lake, and other modifying circumstances; and I desire here to advert especially to the fact, that although it is constructed of successive horizontal additions beneath, when it decays in spring it consists of vertical prisms, penetrating its whole thickness, and standing side by side, like the columns of a basaltic cliff; which, in their mode of formation, have, I imagine, a close analogy. Dr. Slagintweit informed me, that neither the ice nor the basalt forms exact prisms, the angles never having the precise measurements of true crystals. In this condition, the ice may be strong enough to support a considerable weight; and I have travelled over it with a large party on several occasions, when the prisms on which the foot rested were depressed at every step, and a pointed stick could be driven through the whole thickness into the water beneath, with as much ease as into a bank of snow. The ice then, in fact, presents the physical charac-

ters of a semi-fluid mass, as pointed out by Professor Forbes, its parts being movable on each other, not only vertically, but, as in the case of travelling glaciers, capable of gliding past one another horizontally.

In spring, when the action of the sun-light is very powerful, an incipient thaw takes place at mid-day on the surface of the snow, which, on freezing again, acquires a glassy crust. As the season advances, but while the temperature of the air is still even at noon far below the freezing-point, the crust in clear weather becomes penetrated, in the direction in which it is struck by the sun's rays at mid-day, by innumerable canals, and finally crumbles into a granular mass like the *firn* of the high Swiss glaciers, that crackles under the feet as soon as the sun sinks towards the horizon. This *firn* is not universal; it is more common within the Arctic circle, and in situations where there seems to have been originally a certain looseness in the texture of the snow, and where its surface is so much inclined that the sun's rays do not fall on it obliquely about noon. I did not notice it in any quantity on the level surface of a lake.

II. RAPID EVAPORATION OF SNOW AND ICE.

The rapid evaporation of snow and ice in the winter and spring, long before the action of the sun has produced the slightest thaw or appearance of moisture, is made evident to residents in the high latitudes by many facts of daily occurrence; and I may mention that the drying of linen furnishes a familiar one. When a shirt, after being washed, is exposed in the open air to a temperature of 40° or 50° below zero, it is instantly rigidly frozen, and may be broken if violently bent. If agitated, when in this condition, by a strong wind, it makes a rustling noise like theatrical thunder. In an hour or two, however, or nearly as quickly as it would do if exposed to the sun in the moist climate of England, it dries and becomes limber.

Mr. Rae mentioned to me another example of the same fact, which bears on the transportation of boulders, and may interest geologists. During his memorable residence on the shores of Repulse Bay, he noticed several large boulders which were partially exposed at low water. When the sea froze they became engorged in the ice, and were lifted with it from the bottom by the flood-tides. The ice gaining at each tide in thickness beneath and losing above by superficial evaporation, the boulders in process of time came to rest in pits on its surface.

III. DRYNESS OF ARCTIC AIR.

In consequence of the extreme dryness of the atmosphere in winter, most articles of English manufacture made of wood, horn, or ivory, brought to Rupert's Land, are shrivelled, bent and broken. The handles of razors and knives, combs, ivory scales, and various other things kept in the warm rooms, are damaged in this way. The human body also becomes visibly electric from the dryness of the skin. One cold night I rose from my bed, and, having lighted a lantern, I was going out to observe the thermometer, with no other clothing than my flannel night-dress, when, on approaching my hawd to the iron latch of the door, a distinct spark was elicited. Friction of the skin at almost all times in winter produced the electric odor.—(*Journal of a Boat Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea. By Sir John Richardson.*)